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THE BLACKSMITH AND HIS SONS.

STRIKING WHILE THE IRON 'S HOT.

A Blacksmith of Brooklyn, N. Y., and his four sons have enlisted during the war in the 14th Regiment.

With head erect and lips compressed,
He throws his hammer by;
The purpose of his manly breast
Is now to do or die.

He seeks the camp: "Put down my name,
(My boys will mind the shop,)
If the traitor's want my heart's best blood,
I'll sell it drop for drop."

"And here comes now my oldest boy:
My son, what would you do?"
"Father, my brother will drive the trade;
I've come to fight with you."

"God bless him! Well, put down his name,
I cannot send him home.
But here's the other boy, I see:
My son, what made you come?"

"Father, I could not work alone;
The shop may go to—grass;
I've come to fight for the good old flag;
Stand off here—let me pass."

"Yes, put him down—he's a noble boy;
I've two that are younger still:
They'll drive the plow on the Flushing farm
And work with a right good will."

"My God! and here comes one of them!
My son, you must not go!"
"Father! when traitors are marching on,
I cannot plow or sow."

"Well, thank God, there is one left yet,
He will plow and sow what he can,
But he's only a boy, and can never do
The work of a full-grown man."

With a proud, full heart, the blacksmith turned,
And walked to the other side,
For he felt a weakness he almost scorned,
And a tear he fain would hide.

They told him then, his youngest boy
Was putting his name on the roll:
"It must not be," said the brave old man;
"No, no, he's the light of my soul!"

But the lad came up with a beaming face,
Which bore neither fears nor cares;
"Father, say nothing—my name is down;
HAVE LET OUT THE FARM ON SHARES."

And now they've marched to the tented field,
And when the wild battle shall come,
They'll strike a full blow for the Stars and Stripes,
For God, and their Country, and Home. S.R.K.

IN A FIX!

OR A

HUNTING ADVENTURE ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY CAPT. J. WOODRUFF.

SOME six years ago, the time of the hard winter South, when frost, and even ice, was seen as far down as Texas, I was up at Memphis on a little time with the Carroll boys, and some other choice spirits, among whom was another old comrade of my far western "ranges," named Laralette.

One day he proposed to me to go on a hunt to a long island, mostly swamp and canebrake, lying on the Arkansas side of the Mississippi, in a bed cut off out of the range or channel of the steamers, and opposite to an immense swamp that extended back—nobody knows where.

"There are lots of bear there, Captain," said he, "and on a pond in the centre, wild geese and ducks are thicker than rosy-cheeked girls at a camp meeting—let's rig up and go."

I proposed to take the two Carrolls along, but he said *no*—it would make the party too large for the ground we had to cover. So it was agreed that I should take my darkey, Dave, along—and that, with a skiff well stored with bread, salt, pepper, blankets, ammunition and—last but not least—the "staff of (western) life," a five-gallon jug of whiskey—we should start from "Shaw's wharf-boat," at three o'clock in the afternoon.

At the appointed time, armed, equipped, and well supplied in every way, we "let go" from the wharf-boat, and, with Dave at the oars, we shot down the rapid river, slanting across towards the opposite shore, not over and above pleased with a cold and drizzling rain, which set in soon after we started. I wanted to return, but Lavalette assured me there was an old hunter's hut on the island which would shelter us from the storm, and we kept on. The island was about ten miles from our starting point, but the rapid current and Dave's lusty arm soon brought us abreast of it, and under the guidance of Lavalette, we looked for a landing place as near the hut as possible. The river was very high, and it tore madly along under the cottonwoods on the bank, but at last we got the skiff in, and made her fast to a small sapling on the bank. My companion and I took our guns and ammunition and sprang ashore to look for the hut, and see how the land laid, giving orders to Dave to stay near the boat until we could see where it was best to land our eating fixings and sleeping arrangements.

We had just turned our backs to depart for this purpose, when a sudden *durg* in the water, as of a heavy mass falling into it, was heard, and as we turned to see what caused the noise, Dave threw up his hands in agony, and sung out:—

"Boat adrift, Massa Captain, boat adrift!"

Sure enough, there she went, sapling and all, for about three yards wide of the bank had caved in, nearly carrying Dave with it. I was about ordering the boy to jump in and swim to the boat, and fetch her back, when the heavy roots of the sapling brought her down by the head, and she went under, carrying with her our jug of whiskey and all the eatables, while our sleeping fixtures were swept out of sight in a moment by the rapid current.

Here *was* a fix! I am almost positive that there was *some* swearing about that time of day. Dave, though he was not to blame, got a share of the "blessings" because there was no one else to heap them on. There we were, wet to the skin, no grub, no whiskey, not even a blanket to roll up in, no boat to get away from the island in, and a confounded poor chance of seeing one in that latitude for weeks to come. But fortunately we had our guns and plenty of ammunition, and after we'd sworn the rough off, we smoothed down and went up to the hut to see what we should do, for there, at least, we should be out of the rain. We soon found it, and also found a stock of dry wood, with which we kindled a fire. Then I took out two cigars, my whole stock now, though a quarter box had been stowed away in the boat, and with these my friend and myself composed our nerves while we dried our dripping garments.

It was nearly dark now, and the rain poured heavier and heavier. Dave was sent out for more wood, but our prospects for comfort on the *ground* floor of the hut were anything but bright, for our blankets and overcoats had vanished with the boat.

"I feel confounded hungry!" said Dick, that was Lavalette's first name. "I don't know how to account for it, neither, for I ate a late dinner!"

"It is just because you know we haven't got any grub," said I. "If the boat hadn't gone adrift you'd have taken a snifter of red eye, and turned in as contented as a horse on full fodder; but now you are like a girl without a beau, dying to get what you haven't got!"

"That's so!" said he; "but when daylight comes I'll have grub, or burst a barrel in trying for it!"

So we growled and grumbled for awhile, and then lay down with our heels towards the fire, and managed to get some sleep, though mine was so interspersed with dreams that I didn't get much good of it.

Morning came, and we arose with aching bones and hungry stomachs. A draught of muddy river water, from our hunting cups, without the rectification of a drop of whisky, by no means improved our tempers; but we loaded our double-barrelled guns, one barrel with ball and the other with duck shot, and started in search of our breakfast.

The pond which I have before spoken of was deep and long, but not very wide, running down the centre of the island. It was agreed that Dick should take along one side of it and I the other, to shoot water fowl, which Dave was to swim in and bring out, for we had no boat now to use for that purpose as we had intended to. Both banks were thickly studded with tall canes, while here and there a cottonwood tree rose above them.

I had gone but a little ways when I spied a couple of wild geese within a short range on the water, and I let drive, killing one outright and crippling the other.

"Bring them out, Dave, and have them before the fire in less than no time!" I cried, overjoyed at the prospect of an early breakfast.

Just as the darkey was swimming out with the dead goose held by the neck between his teeth, and the crippled one fluttering in his hand, I heard Dick fire, first one barrel and then the other. As he was back in the cane-brake, I made up my mind that he was into large game. I had hardly time to think, when I heard him yell as if a tiger was after him, and the next moment I saw him climbing up a small cotton-wood tree with an agility that was unusual for him, for he was a prominent member of the lazy club.

"Load your gun with ball, captain, and run round here by the head of the pond, quick!" he shouted.

"What's up?"

"I am!" he cried, climbing still higher, "but if you don't hurry there'll be one less in my family!"

I commenced loading right fast, and just got a couple of ounce balls down, when his yells again rang through the air, and I saw the object of his trouble. A large bear made its appearance on the tree above the tall canes, evidently seeking a better acquaintance with Dick. The animal was near enough for me to see the blood and foam issuing from its open jaws, but rather too far for me to risk a shot with my gun, although if I had happened to have my old rifle with me, I would not have asked a nearer chance. So telling Dave to hurry up his breakfast, I started to the relief of my friend.

When I got nearly to the tree, I had to stop and laugh. Dick had got out on one of the longest limbs, just as far as he could, and the bear had got out as far as *she* dared to go; for when the limb began to bend, Madame Bruin held up, and though she would not retreat, she was equally averse to advancing.

A dead cub at the foot of the tree showed where Dick's first shot had been spent, and also the cause, which, coupled with the second charge of duck shot in the face of the old bear, had aroused its anger.

"For God's sake don't stand there laughing, but shoot the cursed bear!" yelled Dick. "Don't you see, I can hardly hold on to this shaking branch—*shoot*, blast you, *shoot!*"

I couldn't just then, for the bear was growling at Dick, and he cursing and shaking his fist, forming a tableau anything but sublime.

"Why don't you stir up the animal, Dick, and show his points?" I cried.

"I'll stir *you* up if I ever get out of this!" he shouted. "Shoot captain, or by heavens, I'll let go and drop!"

Seeing that Dick was in earnest, I let Mrs. Bear "obtain," with an ounce of lead through her listening apparatus, and she came down *lumpus* on the ground, requiring only a phlebotomic operation on my part to end her days comfortably.

"Why didn't you carry your gun up the tree, and, reloading there, finish the varmint?" I asked, when Dick came down.

"It's all very well to ask *why*, when you haven't got a mad she bear within three or four feet of you as you take tree!" said he, sulkily.

We took the cub over to our camp, and there found that Dave had already got one of the geese skinned, and broiling on the fire, and though we had neither bread nor salt, hunger supplied the deficiency, and we made a hearty breakfast. Thus strengthened, after Dave had taken his grub, we started after our bear, and dragged it in, skinned, and dressed it. So far as meat was concerned, we were well off now, and had one bear-skin blanket between us, rather too green for use, though.

"How, in the name of all that's satanic, shall we ever get off this island, Dick?" I asked, as we sat down after this job was over.

"In a hurry to go, captain?" said Dick, whose good humor had returned with his breakfast.

"I wouldn't be if we had the things which went to Jones' locker with the skiff," I replied.

"Well, I'll tell you what I'll do, captain," said he, "I'll build a raft with Dave's assistance, and that of yourself, and pushing off, I'll drift down, and paddle out into the steamboat channel, then hail some upward bound boat, get aboard, and go up to the town. There I'll get another skiff, and the necessaries, and we'll have our hunt out, for bears are plenty here; and there's lots of deer at the lower end of the Island."

The plan seemed feasible, and as the weather had now cleared up, though a northerly wind still blew fresh and cold, we went to work. By noon we had a very nice raft of drift-wood put together, the lashings being grape vines, and after taking an early dinner, Dick prepared to start. He was provided with a good paddle and setting pole, and calculated upon a speedy and prosperous voyage.

But alas! how mutable are human calculations, as the "widder" said when she couldn't catch a fourth husband whom she thought to sacrifice on the hymenial altar with the gone-before. On the Tennessee side of the island where we were, about fifty yards below, and about thirty from our shore, was a small island, with only about a dozen trees on it, and a small lot of drift-wood lodged at its upper end. One of the trees had fallen, and though it lay just high enough to clear the water, it lay top out, some fifty or sixty feet over the current, which set from our shore towards it, running like the tail end of a mill-race.

"Look out for that island and tree, Dick," said I, as he shoved off, "If you clear that you are all right!"

"No fear of me!" was his response. "I'm bold as Columbus, and will be as successful. In two hours I'll drink your health at Shaw's wharf-boat!"

"Go ahead!" said I. And he did go ahead as fast as an eight-mile current would drive him, but I soon saw that his voyage was destined to be a short and disastrous one, and if I had known as I did afterwards, that he couldn't swim, I should have feared for his life, for his raft was swept right over towards the island first spoken of. He plied his paddle with all his strength, but he could not clear the tree, nor could he run under it. As his raft swept rapidly down, he had but once chance, and that was to spring into the top of the tree, while his raft, capsizing and parting, went under it and floated away.

"In a fix," poor Dick most decidedly was—on that small island were no vines to lash another raft together, and no possibility to reach one on *our* island. He walked in on the tree, and sat down on the shore, while I went down upon the opposite bank of my island.

"You're more like Robinson Crusoe than like Columbus, now, Dick," said I.

"Apply it to yourself," he replied. "You've a man Friday, and I haven't."

"How are you going to get off?" I asked. "Can you swim?"

"No, but I'm uncommon good at diving, like the Irishman's axe!"

"Then I suppose I'll have to try *your* raft experiment," said I, and Dave was at once set to work and in an hour I had a good raft constructed about opposite to the island where Dick was unwillingly stationed, and so far down as to drift clear of any impediments then in sight.

This I launched about two o'clock in the afternoon, and two hours afterwards I was taken up some fifteen miles below by the Louisville packet "J. M. Ward," and just at dark landed once more at the wharf-boat in Memphis.

I knew that it was useless to go in the night to hunt for Dick, so I engaged another skiff, purchased a fresh supply of necessaries—not forgetting the "red eye"—and making arrangements with the boatman to start at dawn, went up town to find the Carroll boys, tell my adventures, and have a good time generally. I found them at Cottrell's, as usual, and we went to see Jim Charles *do* Don Cæsar de Bazan at the theatre. Jim, as usual, was tight as a brick, and *did* the part most essentially *brown*. La Belle Oceana went through a fancy dance, and Durivage, poor old Dury, full of heart, talent, and so forth, gave an excellent farce, and then *we* were off to champagne and oysters. Ere these were concluded the Carrolls had decided to join me in my voyage of relief, and we adjourned to the wharf-boat, and took state-rooms so as to be ready to start at the break of day.

The sun was about half an hour high when we landed on the large island near the hut, having agreed to pretend at first not to see Dick, and to be jolly drunk, though we were all sober as *judges*—*i. e. western* judges.

After landing we took out our jug and sat down on the bank in full view of Dick, and took a pull all around. Here we lighted cigars, while I ordered the boatman and Dave to remove our stores up to the hut, and also told Dave to have broiled goose and bear meat for breakfast, which with bread, seasoning, and coffee, which I had brought, I thought wouldn't be bad to take.

Directly a faint "halloo!" came from Dick.

We did not heed it, but took another pull at our big jug, and sent up volumes of smoke from our free Havanas.

Louder came the yell of the raft-wrecked mariner.

We could not hear him!

"Curse you, come and take me off!" he shouted.

Again we took a nip all around.

"If you don't come and take me off, I'll shoot every mother's son of you!" he yelled.

The threat we did not regard, for we knew he had no gun.

"By heaven! I'll throw myself into the river before I'll stay here to be made a fool of!" he shouted; and as I knew his French blood was up, and he might put his threat into execution, I sent the boatman for him.

When he first got ashore he wanted to fight all three of us, but as he couldn't get any whiskey without making up, he *succumbed*, and took a *suck* at the nipple of the brown stone jug, which soon made him feel more comfortable.

Dave now called us to breakfast, and a prime feed it was. Cottrell could not have given us a better.

After this was through we had the skiff hauled over into the pond, and one went with the boatman to knock over water fowl, while the other three of us started for larger game, leaving Dave in command of the camp.

We had great luck on that and the three succeeding days, and such a game supper as we gave when we got back to town! Well, it was enjoyed by men like ourselves, who were up to fun and knew the value of the motto—"*dum vivimus, vivamus.*"

Thus ended *that* hunting adventure; but it was only a priming to some others which I have in preparation, and will relate to you soon.

STAGE FEELING.

Garrick roused the feelings more than any actor on record, and most probably suffered as much from their exertion. A gentleman once making the above remark to Tom King, the comedian, he received this reply:—"Pooh! he suffer from his feelings! Why sir, I was playing with him one night in Lear, when, in the middle of a most passionate and affecting part, and when the whole house was drowned in tears, he turned his head round to me, and putting his tongue in his cheek whispered—"D—me, Tom, it 'ill do!" So much for stage feeling.

COLONEL ALEX. CROW, U. S. A., OF CROWVILLE,
To BRIG. GEN. COCKE, C. S. A., OF VIRGINIA.

Cocke a doodle doo!
Over the Ridge called "Blue,"
Back to "Tide Water," too,
On every ear this Chanticleer
Rings Cocke a doodle doo!

Cocke a doodle doo!
Well, what is the matter with you?
Why make you such an ado?
Let a man know for what you crow
Your cocke a doodle doo?

Cocke a doodle doo!
Just wait for a day or two,
And you and your rebel crew
The lessen stern will sadly learn
Of Yankee doodle doo.

TREATISE ON SWIMMING.

NUMBER ONE.

It is remarkable that we have no scientific treatise on swimming; all the popular accounts of it are meagre and incorrect, and seem to have been written either by non-swimmers or by those who lacked the power to analyse accurately the art of which they treated. If we want to teach any athletic accomplishment, we must observe and digest our observations, and out of them frame rules. By this process we are able to make a science even of our sports; and the great advantage of doing so is that the general laws by which excellence is to be gained become accessible guides to all who aim at perfection in them.

It is not our purpose to inquire whether swimming is natural to man or not, it is enough to know that he has the faculty in him which can be elicited, and that it is likely to be ill employed unless he is trained to use it. But this is plain, that man's form is so contrived as to deal in the most admirable manner with that element on which he sometimes seeks his livelihood, and which he often traverses, but which, unless he knows how to meet it, threatens him with death. Swimming is to him, in the first place, an art of self-defence, but it is also an acquirement ministering largely to his health and enjoyment; and, moreover, in the use of it he displays a harmony of motions not to be equalled in the circle of athletic exercises. It is certainly the only one which employs the whole collective forces at the same moment, and the proof of this is that there is none in which he can by great exertion so completely tire himself in a few seconds, while he is also capable of sustaining the motion for a very long time indeed under the favorable condition of warmth—the sole condition necessary.

What the wild animals can accomplish in the water is not easy to ascertain; but the domesticated, such as the dog, which has so high a reputation as a member of the humane society, are not to be compared with a well trained man. This we know by experience. And might we not suppose beforehand that it would be so, on comparing the structure of the two as to fitness for moving through a resisting fluid? The quadruped is short in comparison, square-chested, narrow in the paw, and swims as he walks; the man reverses his position in the water, lying horizontally, opposes no flat surface but his head (if he swims correctly), and has broad palms, and while he displaces the water behind by one pair, spreads out the front pair with an oarlike action, adding largely to the area of sustaining surface. Moreover, the limbs, which are the displacers of the water, are in man much longer in proportion to the mass of body than in brutes. The reason why water dogs are thought so far superior to men is that they swim well by nature, and are seen to do so, whereas it is rare to find man a good swimmer. The popular opinion is, after all, right thus far; dogs do swim better than most men, but that is because the latter have not been educated. Education with us must take the place of instinctive excellence in the brutes.

There are two matters to be considered in discussing the most advantageous manner of swimming: there is the nature of the element, and the form of him who cleaves it. Now these are known principles; that the resistance of water varies as the depth of the body immersed, because the particles of fluid displaced by its motion escape most readily and with least friction, nearest the surface; also it varies as the area directly opposed to it, also it decreases in proportion to the horizontal length of the body over which it is diffused. So that lying as flat as possible on the surface secures all these advantages, diminishing the depth, reducing the area directly opposed, and increasing the horizontal length. Now look at the human form. Walking erect, man's greatest length is vertical, the whole area of his front meets the atmosphere, he is very short measured through from breast to back. But when he enters a fluid which supports him he can throw himself parallel to the water's surface, and extend his whole length in the line which assists him most, and remain close upon the surface, just buried and no more. He can do this, and if he wishes to swim well, that is, to overcome the resistance most advantageously, this is what he will do. The details of this attitude we shall come to afterwards; what is wanted now is to establish a main principle which is to guide the whole aim of the swimmers—a principle which is deduced from scientific grounds, and must be unalterable as the element dealt with and the living being which displaces it. It is proposed to teach in these pages what is really useful and worthy of acquisition by the swimmer. The feats and tricks made so much of in popular spectacles, and which are arranged under distinct heads in the sporting books, we shall leave alone, for they are scarcely more than evidences of a thorough acquaintance with the water, and can of course be multiplied for the sake of amusement to any extent. We shall teach our art under three heads, viz, swimming on the surface, under the surface, and plunging.

We begin with the description of the different motions as exhibited by the perfect aquatic, and then go on to speak of learning and teaching.

As to the natural gifts requisite for making a good swimmer, they are symmetry and strength, especially of leg, but above all, a capacious chest. Other points being equal, he who has the largest volume of air within will be the best man in the water, for the breathing decides the swimming, as will be seen. A spare, long-legged man is not well built for much endurance; his legs (the heaviest part, because the most body and the narrowest) will have a tendency to droop, and his floating magazine, the lungs, is deficient. Fat men are thought to have an advantage, and there is some truth in it, for fat men are usually broad-chested, but fat must be an incumbrance for any purpose but floating. Now what we aim at is the cultivation of these powers and their employment in the most advantageous manner. All untutored movements are worse than useless in the water, causing the certain distress and discomfiture of the clumsy. In no bodily work must the different actions be throughout more carefully governed according to rule.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, JUNE 29, 1861.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

☞ Questions sent in by Friday, will, if possible, be attended to in the succeeding issue of the CLIPPER. The vast amount of correspondence we are in receipt of, prevents us from attending to all immediately.

J. ASTEN, Social Club.—*Base Ball.*—"1. What constitutes a legitimate *home run*? 2. What is your reading of the law defining a *baulk*? 3. What do you *regard* as the chief elements of good pitching?".....1. A home run can be made as follows:—The striker, after hitting the ball fairly, runs to 1st base, and if he can make the 2d, 3d, and home bases successively, *and without once stopping on the way*, before he is touched by the ball in the hands of a fielder, he makes a home run in the strictest sense of the term. But what is known as "a clean home run," is a run obtained through the striker's hitting the ball so far into the field that the ball cannot possibly be fielded home before the striker reaches the home base. This latter is the only legitimate home run. 2. The law in relation to a baulk is as follows:—Section 6, of the rules of the game, states that "whenever the pitcher draws back his hand, or moves with the apparent purpose or pretensions to deliver the ball, he shall so deliver." Of course, when he fails to abide by the rule, as above, he makes a baulk. He also makes a baulk when he either jerks a ball or places his foot over the line of his position, and every time he infringes the rule in either of these respects, the umpire must call a baulk, *unasked*. Our interpretation of the law, Section 6, is, that every movement made by the pitcher while in the act of pitching, calculated to mislead the player into the belief that the pitcher is going to deliver the ball, and he fail to deliver it as expected, the pitcher unquestionably makes a baulk. But the general opinion seems to be that as long as he does not move the arm or hand with which he delivers the ball, any other movement he may make is not to be regarded in the light of a baulk; but such a reading of the law is not correct according to the wording of it. 3. First, the capacity to pitch a swift ball, with even and regular delivery, and with a bias or twist imparted to it; secondly, to be able to throw accurately and swiftly to each of the bases as occasion may require; and thirdly, to be an exceedingly active fielder, and one always on the *qui vive* while a player is running the bases. The most fatal ball a pitcher can deliver is one that is pitched swiftly, and one that rises in a curved line from the feet of the pitcher to the breast of the striker.

T. S.—1. Having played the card by mistake, and as the rule of forty-fives is to trump or *follow suit*, you were perfectly justified in withdrawing the wrong card, and playing the right one, as you did. 2. Each number of the CLIPPER is complete in itself, so we do not publish an extra title page, which we presume is what you mean, at the beginning of a volume. We publish an index of important events in the last number of the volume.

I. J. JUNIOR, Amsterdam, N. Y.—The American and English match, owing to the present condition of the country, will not, it is thought, take place this season. However, we will make mention of the gentleman at the proper quarters. Has cricket in Amsterdam gone up in a balloon?

GOOD FRIEND.—1. No. 2. Five hundred dollars would not go very far to start a first class concert hall in this city. 3 You can procure the book for about one shilling. 4. The Aldermen and Council, with the approval of the Mayor, has the right.

W. WASHBURNE, Philad'a.—1. The battle of Bunker Hill was fought on the 17th of June, 1775. 2. The height of the Bunker Hill monument is two hundred and twenty feet, and is ascended by two hundred and ninety five steps.

P. P., Philad'a.—We believe she is at present in your city; she appeared a few weeks since at Sanford's Opera House, after the minstrels left, but did not succeed in drawing. She is now known as Mrs. Place.

SIMEON COON, Canalton, O.—The best time ever made in running 100 yards, was nine seconds; 200 yards, 20 seconds. You can judge by this whether the time made by your runner is good or not.

J. J. B, Washington, D. C.—Heavy weights are those of 168 lbs., and upwards; middle weights, those ranging from 140 to 168; light, 119 to 140; feather, 84 to 119.

HUDSON.—The fastest time ever made in running a foot race of one mile on the level was four minutes, 22¼ seconds. The best quarter mile time is 48¾ seconds.

G. H. G., Marlboro, Vt.—1. Money received, and credited. 2. We can forward you a good sett of boxing gloves for five dollars, freight to be paid at your end of the route.

O. C.—1. Any photographer will give you the information. 2. We believe both ladies were married, but what has become of them of late years we cannot tell.

RICHELIEU.—It is requisite that some authentic signature should be attached to such a communication.

ECKFORD.—We have tasted so many superior to what we can brew, that we would rather not risk deciding the point.

ENQUIRER.—It has been twice altered, once since his death. It is now smaller than when first built.

C. LYNCH, Camp Yates, S. I.—John Morrissey was born in the town of Templemore, county of Tipperary, Ireland.

ADVENTURER, Philad'a.—The Metropolitan, St. Nicholas, La Farge, and a number of others are within the bounds specified on Broadway.

SAMMY, Providence.—The entertainments furnished are really excellent, and worthy of patronage. Thanks for the items.

J. B. B, Titusville, Pa.—See article on the amended rules in this issue; the books may be had ten for $1.

T. K. S, Boston.—At present we do not desire to make any new arrangements.

ROLLO, Newport, R. I.—If you are smart, you may find a chance.

H. A., Lewiston.—Jack Carter was born in Manchester.

HEZ, New London.—The two trays and an ace win.

NESTOR.—Declined.

THE BRITISH TURF PROPHETS AGAIN.—These worthies failed most lamentably in their predictions of the winner of the Derby, not a single one of them, with all their guessing, naming the fortunate animal, Kettledrum. Notwithstanding this failure, they are at their old tricks again, the Ascot meeting being the theme of their second-sight business this time. Fortunately for them, it is not probable that more than eight horses would start for the Ascot cup, which was to be run for on the 13th inst., therefore they are not likely to be more than seven points of the compass wide of the mark, and if, according to the manner of some, they choose two or three "winners," why the odds against them will be still further reduced. "Rhyming Richard," of *Bell's Life*, pins his faith on Thormanby, and emphatically states *he is there*; we therefore take it as a foregone conclusion that that animal wont be there, that is, at the winning goal, when he is wanted. Poetic Dick is an unlucky dog usually, and the animals wont do as he wants them to, often. "Augur," of the *Sporting Life*, kneels to his patron saint St. Albans, and thinks he will poke his nose in first. "Augur," augured away so on the Derby, and made such a big hole, that he fell through on t'other side, and did'nt alight on or near the winner; consequently, we think his opinions may be taken with a good deal of doubt. "Touchstone," of the *Era*, believes that Thormanby will "take the lot," so far agreeing with "Rhyming Richard," so that as two heads are better than one, it is possible that that three year old may make a ten strike, but as the proof of the pudding is in the eating thereof, we would advise them, in view of the many false prophecies they have been guilty of, to adopt a wiser course, and predict *after* the event instead of before; at all events it will prove a safer one.

SUSPENDED.—The last number of the old "Spirit of the Times" announced the suspension of that journal on the 22d inst. The general stagnation in business, the cutting off all mail facilities with the South, (from which section of the country the old *Spirit* derived a large share of its patronage) and other causes, have tended to bring about this result. The *Spirit* was the oldest sporting journal published in this country, and for many years was ably conducted by the late Wm. T. Porter. Should the future warrant it, the *Spirit* may be revived.

The ASCOT CUP.—The entries for this much valued trophy among British turfites number seventeen, and was to be run for on the 13th inst. Of the seventeen, the following are set down as the probable starters: St. Albans, Nemesis, Thormanby, Fairwater, Wallace, Parmesan, Royallieu, and Aurelian. St Albans and Thormanby are the favorites, five to one against the former, and six to five on the latter, being the latest quotations in the betting. Speculation was reported as not being very brisk.

MONS BERGER, the "Great Billiard," is in Chicago, giving exhibitions at Brunswick's Billiard Saloon. Efforts are being made to induce him to visit Milwaukee. Should he accept, he will probably be the guest of Alfred Le Brun, well known as a knight of the cue, a citizen of Milwaukee, and "the man who made the great run of 2100," some time ago.

FAIRS.—There will be but few State and County Agricultural Fairs this season. The officers of the Pennsylvania State Agricultural Society have resolved not to have their annual fair this season. In many counties the local exhibitions are suspended also.

HO! FOR THE FISHING BANKS.—The regular summer excursions to the Fishing Banks have already commenced, and plenty of fishes have been caught. The steamer Croton, Capt. Jas. A. Dumont, resumed her trips on the 23d, and will continue to run to the Banks every day during the season, Fridays excepted. A cotillion band accompanies the boat, so that those who prefer to dance by the "sad, sea wave," can have an opportunity.

DON'T LIKE IT.—A Chicago correspondent says:—Our Chicago boy who has been training for some time for the foot race to take place on the Fashion Course, L. I., on the 1st of July, complains much of the withdrawal of the $500 purse originally advertised, and substituting $250. He says he can be matched here any time for $1000, against the winner.

THE THREE MILE TROT.—The trot of three mile heats between Flora Temple and John Morgan takes place on Centerville Course, L. I., to-morrow, Tuesday, 25th inst., when we would advise caution in deciding as to which "bob tail" you bet your money on. It's three mile day, and it is not certain that Flora can win at that distance.

FOOT RACES.—On Monday next, July 1st, the one mile, and quarter mile foot race, previously noticed, are to come off over the Fashion Course, L. I, for purses of $250. We hear that several runners have signified their intention to contend for the prizes.

SUMMARY OF WAR NEWS
AND NOTABLE INCIDENTS.

BALLOONING FOR WAR PURPOSES.—The suggestion first thrown out by the CLIPPER, that balloons might be made available for war purposes, in the present campaign, even as they were in the late war in Europe, has, we observe, been wisely acted upon. The aerial telegraphing experiment made on the 18th inst by Prof. Lowe, at Washington, proved quite successful. We give a description of the experiment. The capacity of the balloon was twenty thousand cubic feet. It was provided with signal flags and a powerful telescope; but as the ascent was made late in the afternoon, and chiefly for the purpose of testing the practicability of maintaining a magnetic circuit and operating in the balloon, no reconoissance was attempted. A circuit was established by looping one of the adjacent telegraph wires—the one between Alexandria and the war department—with helix wires several hundred feet in length, wound upon a reel at the spot from which the ascent was made. The helix wires are very fine and flexible. They communicated with a delicate pocket Morse apparatus carried by the operator in the balloon. The helices were paid out from the reel as rapidly as the ropes attached to the balloon. An ascent of five or six hundred feet was made, and the telegraphic arrangement worked charmingly, when at the utmost elevation attained, dispatches were sent to the President of the United States through the war department. After demonstrating the success of the experiment, Prof Lowe was tugged through the streets in his balloon, a distance of over half a mile, to the open lawn south of the White House, when the balloon was safely anchored for the night, with a view to repeat the experiment in the presence of the President and the Cabinet. With this telegraphic apparatus, and the means of making an aerial reconnoissance, a General may be accurately informed of everything that may be going on within a long day's march of his position in any direction.

THE IMMORTAL CLAY ON "UNION."—During the debate in the Senate, in 1850, on the "Compromise Measures" of that year, Mr Dawson, of Georgia, declared that the contingency had arrived which compelled the calling of a convention in his State to provide for the extreme remedy of disunion. Henry Clay followed him, and, in the course of his remarks, threw out the following patriotic sentiments, which every man at this time ought to read:—

"Now, Mr. President, I stand here in my place, meaning to be unawed by any threats, whether they come from individuals or from States. I should deplore, as much as any man, living or dead, that arms should be raised against the authority of the Union, either by individuals or by States. But after all that has occurred, if any one State, or a portion of the people of any State, choose to place themselves in military array against the Government of the Union, I am for trying the strength of the Government. I am for ascertaining whether we have a Government or not—practical, efficient, capable of maintaining its authority, and of upholding the powers and interests which belong to a government. Nor, sir, am I to be alarmed or dissuaded from any such course by intimations of the spilling of blood. If blood is to be spilt, by whose fault is it? Upon the supposition, I maintain it will be the fault of those who choose to raise the standard of disunion, and endeavor to prostrate the Government; and, sir, when that is done, so long as it pleases God to give me a voice to express my sentiments, or an arm, weak and enfeebled as it may be by age, that voice and that arm will be on the side of my country, for the support of the general authority, and for the maintenance of the powers of this Union."

GEN. SCOTT'S WISDOM.—The plan that the able old General is adopting to achieve an ultimate and safe, not a rash and sanguinary victory, elicits both the admiration and commendation of all his loyal fellow countrymen. A military man of experience writing from Chambersburgh, thus gives his views of the General's policy: "Gen. Scott's plan of the campaign is to move slowly but surely forward to ultimate victory, without leaving much to chance, and to spare the unnecessary effusion of blood. He is playing this great game of war as he would play a game of chess, and if his life is spared, and the editors and politicians will let him alone, he will finish it in about one year. If, however, he is interfered with by the popular voice alluded to, it is impossible to say when the war will end."

"DOESTICKS" FATE SEALED BY A GAME AT EUCHRE.—"Doesticks" old friend Damphool has turned up among the secesshers, in the trenches in South Carolina. He gets time to write a letter to Doesticks, however, to inform him of his fate:—"You see, old Doesticks, we've got things fixed. The privilege of killing you was sold to a Georgian who said he was going to cut your heart out and give it to the cat; however, I coaxed him to play a social game of euchre, and I won you on a "lone hand;" you are now mine, and I don't think I'll kill you for old acquaintance' sake."

THE FIREMEN ZOUAVES NOT PEOPLE.—Two Zouaves lately strolled into the office of the Secretary of War at Washington, and accosted the Clerk: "We want to know when we are going to have a battle," said one. "Really sir," said the Clerk, "I could not inform you if I knew. You see, if we were to tell the people who ask, the enemy would soon find out our plans." "Well," said the Zouave, "nobody wants you to tell the people. We ain't people—we're firemen."

NOBLE WORDS.—One of the boys in Col. Duryea's Regiment of Zouaves, who was in the Great Bethel fight, writes his sister and friends, "If I should die, remember the *holy cause* in which I fell, and let your sorrow, if deep, *be proud*."

A GOOD PISTOL SHOT.—It is said that the lamented Ellsworth was a most excellent shot with a pistol. Standing ten paces from the window, he could fire the seven shots from his revolver and not shiver the glass beyond the circumference of a half dollar.

HARD ON THE HORSE.—A fanatic in Tennessee has named a dashing young colt J. W. Jackson, in honor of the murderer of Col Ellsworth. What an insult to a noble beast! If anything has power to disturb his equine-imity, it must be this.

TIMELY WARNING.—A Virginian editor at Lynchburg, in asserting that one Marylander can whip ten Yankees, warns his readers that Lincoln's troops intend to attack Lynchburg, and, very naturally, closes his paragraph with "*Let us be moving.*"

THE RING.

FIGHTS FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF ENGLAND.—Copies sent from the CLIPPER office, on receipt of price, 25 cts. 48-tf

LIVES AND BATTLES OF HEENAN AND SAYERS, price 25 cents. Copies mailed by us on receipt of price. 48 tf

THE FALSTAFF.—IKEY LAZARUS, Proprietor, No. 141 Chatham st., next door to National Theatre. His two sons, Harry and John, always at home to give lessons in the Art of Self Defence. The best of Ales, Wines, Liquors, and Segars, constantly on hand. 35-tf

HARRY GRIBBIN returns thanks to all who have visited him at his new quarters, No 282½ Bowery, of which place he is now the sole Proprietor. The print of the big fight, portraits of noted pugilists, and other celebrities may be seen here. Free and Easy every Wednesday and Saturday evenings, the chair being taken by Mr. Mat Glenn. Ales, wines, liquors, and segars, of the best quality, on hand, and THE CLIPPER and other domestic and foreign sporting journals filed. 45-tf

WM. CLARK'S SALOON, 189 Laurens street, New York. Ales, wines, liquors, segars, and refreshments. All the Sporting News of the day to be learned here, where files of the CLIPPER, and other sporting papers are kept. Here also may be seen numberless portraits of English and American pugilists, including Tom Sayers, John C. Heenan, Johnny Walker, Charley Lynch, Tom Paddock, Bob Brettle, Ben Caunt, Harry Broome, Bob Travis, Nat Langham, Thompson of California, Dutch Sam, Dick Cain, Jimmy Massey, Tom Cribb, Mike Madden, Gillam, the Brighton Doctor, and other celebrities of the P. R. A room and other facilities are also at all times in readiness for giving lessons in sparring under the supervision of the proprietor. Drop in, and take a peep. 3-51*

JACK BATH.—THE BEEHIVE, 213 Elizabeth street, near Prince returns his sincere thanks to his friends and patrons, for their kind assistance since taking the above premises, and begs to inform them that the old B is always to be caught at home endeavoring to lay up a winter stock for the inmates of the new hive. Finest of Ales, Wines, Liquors and Segars, always on hand, with all the sporting items of the day to be learned at the bar. N B.—Gentlemen can be accommodated with private lessons in the noble art of self-defence, at their own residences, on reasonable terms, given by Jack himself. 9 4t

QUOITERS ATTENTION!—Lovers of this game will be sure to find some good play and good players, among whom is Mr. George Dunning, champion of the world, at the QUOIT SHADES, No 273 Spring street, where all the accompaniments of a good time may also be found. 4-tf

CARD.—Hamilton, C. W., June 1st, 1861.—EDITOR CLIPPER—In your edition of the 15th inst, I find a paragraph respecting a Jemmy Massey or our "Big Little Man" having been passing counterfeit coin in the United States, and is now in custody for the same. Will you oblige me by finding room in your paper to contradict the assertion. Jemmy Massey, or our "Big Little Man," is the landlord of the Red Lion Inn, York street, Hamilton, C. W., and has been since the beginning of December, 1860, where his friends and the public generally may find every comfort and accommodation, in private lessons on self-defence, free and easy, and refreshments, etc. JAMES MASSEY.

[Our "big little man" has mistaken the tenor of the article in question. Here it is *verbatim*, as it appeared in our paper of the 15th:—

"CAN IT BE?—A James Massey was locked up at Memphis, Tenn., for uttering abolition sentiments. Wonder if the incarcerated can be our Jemmy, the big little man."

"Abolition sentiments" and "counterfeit coin" are about the same thing, in one sense, both being not unfrequently used for base purposes; but we are glad to find that Jemmy has nothing to do with either.—ED. CLIP.]

A ROUGH MILL AT THE RACES.—On the occasion of the trotting match between Flora Temple and John Morgan, on the 18th inst., on the Centreville (L. I.) Course, a fight took place between a knight of the fives from the Bowery, and another called Cross-eyed Kelly. The latter, it appears, declared in a loud and angry voice that some Bowery thief had stolen fifty dollars from a friend of his. The Bowery man being by at the time, refuted the charge by getting off some very hard words, and expressing his disbelief that either Kelly or his friend ever had fifty dollars to their names. Kelly hauled off and split Bowery, and at it they went. A ring was made, and "let them fight it out," was the cry. It was a rough and tumble of the most violent character. For a full half hour they kicked, gouged, and bit each other in the most bloody manner, until at last they were separated, and the fight declared "a draw." Kelly's nose was also declared "a draw," his opponent having bitten it half off. He was taken away in a carriage, and the other hero was taken in charge by his friends.

SCOTTY OF GLASGOW, the big, good-natured laddie that set-to with Charley Holmes, at Tovee's benefit in the Bowery, some months since, was shot on one of the Staten Island ferry boats about two weeks back. He was trying to separate a couple of desperadoes who were fighting, when one of them drew a revolver and sent a bullet clean through Scotty's head, leaving a hole big enough to insert two fingers in: the ball entered over the left eye and came out a little above the ear. Strange to say, he is able to be about, and expects, by a rigid mode of living, to recover, ultimately. A wiry and rugged constitution has so far prevented a relapse, but it seems hardly possible for him to get thoroughly over it. The party was arrested, and will be tried for attempted murder, when we hope to see an example made of these shooters.

A MILL IN BOSTON.—A correspondent sends us a report of a mill which took place in the vicinity of Boston, on the 10th inst., between Johnny Morris, of Boston, and Frank Keary, of Lowell, for $100 a side. They fought 38 rounds in one hour and three minutes. Morris dislocated his right arm in the third round, but he fought all the better with his left, and knocked down his opponent nearly every round. In the 38th round Keary is said to have hit his opponent foul, and Morris claimed the fight, but it was not allowed, and as both men were pretty well punished, it was concluded to make it a draw. Keary is a game little fellow. Morris' arm was dreadfully swollen at the close of the fight.

SPARRING IN CHICAGO.—The sparring exhibition at Kingsbury Hall, on Saturday, June 15th, was a complete success. The occasion was the benefit of Jerry Donavan, one of the contestants in the coming fight on the first of July. Among the volunteers on this occasion were Johnny Roberts, Pat McBride, Jack Looney of St. Louis, Felix McSorley, Billy Meadows, Young Bendigo (one of Jerry's trainers), Johnny Donnelly, Pat Teeney, Jack Tierney, and others too numerous to mention. The closing set-to was between Young Bendigo and Jerry Donavan, in ring costume, which was one of the most brilliant ever witnessed. Johnny Powers, one of Jerry's trainers, officiated as master of ceremonies.

JOHNNY ROBERTS' BENEFIT.—On the 22d inst., at Kingsbury Hall, Chicago, an exhibition was to have taken place for the benefit of Johnny Roberts, the opponent of John Murphey, Johnny Mackey, Harry Finnegass, and Pete Madden. In addition to the volunteers on the occasion of Jerry Donavan's benefit, the names of Bill Kelly (the Italian Youth), Bill Conners, Mike Riley, Live Oak, Tom Mackey, &c. are announced. Johnny Powers, master of ceremonies.

MCGLADE AND DONAVAN'S FIGHT.—There is considerable excitement in Chicago in relation to the coming fight between Jerry Donavan and Johnny McGlade. Our correspondent, "T. L. Fitch," says:—"I shall witness it, and give you all the particulars. A few facts in relation to the event may not be uninteresting to your readers. Johnny McGlade is training at Brighton under Johnny Roberts. Jerry Donavan is training at Lake View under Young Bendigo and Johnny Powers. The fight is for $200 a side. The first deposit of $50 was made at Pat McBride's on Saturday, June 1st; the second, of $50, at Ab. Pell's, Saturday, June 8th; the third, of $50, at Pat McBride's, Saturday, June 15th; the fourth and final deposit, of $50, will be made at Ab. Pell's, June 22d, when they are to toss for choice of ground. The fight is to take place at a distance of not more than fifty, nor less than twenty-five miles from Chicago. It will be a closely contested fight, and the bets are even.

DEAD.—The Cincinnati papers state that a "George Gibson, a pugilist, was found dead, in his bed, at Cincinnati, Ohio, on the 21st inst. He had but recently located in that city from St Louis. Gibson was an Englishman by birth and resided for some time in Canada West. He is represented as being a very temperate man, and besides being a member of the P. R., was also a pedestrian, having carried off several prizes in pedestrian performances. His death was caused by apoplexy."

THE TURF.

TROTTING AT NORTH CHELSEA, MASS.—A trot came off on the Franklin Course, at the above named locality, on the 19th inst., between Young Morrill and Young Allen, two stallions from New Hampshire, the first being a novice upon the turf, and the last named having never before trotted a match race. Young Morrill was hitched to a wagon, and Young Allen in harness. Morrill was not in condition, having refused his feed for two or three days past, and it was not intended to trot him until a few minutes before the horses were called up. He was beaten in three straight heats much to the chagrin of Woodruff, who had advised his owner to forfeit. The track was heavy and Morrill trotted as fast as he could have been expected, under the circumstances, doing his last heat better than either of the previous ones.

Young Allen, the winner of the race, is a son of Ethan Allen, out of the "Edgerly mare," well known in Manchester, N. H. He weighs about 900 lbs, in trotting condition, sorrel color, with near hind foot and off fore foot white. He is a finely formed animal and trotted his race out without making a skip or break. The race was a close one. It being known that Young Morrill was out of fix there was but little betting on the race.

SUMMARY

Franklin Course, North Chelsea, Wednesday, June 19.—Match for $300, mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Dan Mace named s s Young Allen, to harness.....1 1 1
Wm. Woodruff named ch s Young Morrill, to wagon..2 2 2
Time, 2:41½; 2:41½; 2:39¾.

The purse for the horse that would trot a mile nearest to three minutes, was won by "Can't Tell," driven by Wm Woodruff, who displayed much skill. His competitors were Dan Mace, with "Planet;" F. A. F. Adams, with "Blue Dick;" and Joe Stoddard, with "Repeater." The race was mile and repeat, and three heats were trotted, the second being a dead heat.

TROTTING ON FRANKLIN COURSE.—In the race which took place on the above named course at North Chelsea, Mass., on the 18th inst., "Tempest" lost the first and second heats in 2:51½ and 2:52. He then won three straight heats and the race. Time, 2:47½; 2:48½; 2:49½.

The race between the Roxbury nags was won by the grey gelding, "Tom Sayers," in three straight heats. Time, 3:01; 3:02½; 3:02½.

TROTTING AT BOSTON.—A two mile trot took place on the Franklin Course, North Chelsea, on the 21st inst., between the black stallion Flyaway and the trotting mare Lady Shaw. The race was for a purse of $125, two miles and repeat, to harness. Flyaway was beaten on the first heat, but won the second and third heats and the race. The race was a close one, and it afforded much enjoyment to the spectators SUMMARY:

Franklin Course, North Chelsea, Friday, June 21. Proprietor's purse, 125, two miles and repeat, to harness.

Dan Mace named blk s Flyaway.....2 1 1
Wm Woodruff named b m Lady Shaw.....1 2 2
Time, 5:24; 5:18; 5:21.

FLORA TEMPLE AND JOHN MORGAN—AGAIN.—TWO MILE DAY.—The second trot of the series between these horses came off over the Centerville Course, L. I., on the 18th inst., but the attendance was rather small, and little interest exhibited in the event until the animals received the word to go. The little mare was the favorite at odds of 100 to 30, and the confidence reposed in Flora was fully justified by the result, as she won in two straight heats, in most excellent time, as will be seen by the summary. John Morgan made a good race of it, and came greatly into favor by the excellent display he made. The following is a

SUMMARY:

CENTERVILLE COURSE, L. I., FRIDAY, JUNE 18.—Trotting Match for $2000 a side, two mile heats in harness.

J. D McMann named b m Flora Temple.....1 1
J. Turner named ch g John Morgan.....2 2
Time—First heat: mile, 2:27; two miles, 4:55½.
Second " " 2:26; " " 4:52¼.

HONEST PETER WINS.—A trotting match took place on the Centreville Course, L. I., on the 22d, in which six heats were contested, and in which Honest Peter made Zouave and Lady Bevins take a back seat, although the race was very close. Peter showed his lasting qualities by winning the three last heats, and the race, after losing the three first heats. The following is a summary:—

CENTERVILLE COURSE, L. I.—TROTTING.—Saturday, June 22, purse $59, mile heats, best three in five, in harness.

H. Woodruff entered g g. Honest Peter..... 3 3 3 1 1 1
D. Pfiffer entered b h Zouave..... 2 2 1 2 2 2
J. Turner entered buckskin m Lady Bevins..... 1 1 2 3 3 3
Time—2:37½; 2:38½; 2:40½; 2:37; 2:41; 2:40.

TROTTING IN WILKESBARRE, PA.—A trot came off over the Wyoming Course, Wilkesbarre, Pa., on the 20th, between a pair of roadsters, mile heats, best three in five, to harness.

SUMMARY.

Frank A. Page named s m Jersey Maid.....1 1 1
Thos. P. Rouch named b g Porgie.....2 2 2
Time, 3:07; 3:07; 3:00.

There will be another trot on July 6th, between four double teams, mile heats, best three in five.

THE TRIGGER.

THE SPORTSMEN'S CONVENTION.—The first meeting of the third annual convention of the New York State Sportsmen was held at Utica, N. Y., on the evening of the 18th inst., for business purposes, at the rooms of the Utica Club. The President of the State Club, Mr. Chas. H. Haswell, presided. Arthur B Johnson was appointed Secretary. The following delegates were reported:—Chas. H. Haswell and Chas. E Whitehead, of New York; Wm R. Bascom, James Wing, and John Haywood, Jr., of Rochester; W. M Tompkins, of Genesee county; C. A. Kellogg and E Garrison, of Onondaga; Geo. Westcott, T. M. Lalor, A. L. Woodruff, A. J. Lathrop, and Wm. H. Dutton, of Utica. The minutes of the meeting were read and approved. Mr. Whitehead moved amendments to sections 8, 9, and 10, of the Game Law passed in April, 1860. A Committee was appointed, who reported as follows:—To amend section 8, so as to read—

"'No person or persons shall *set any net with intent to take* any fish in any of the fresh water streams in the State of New York,' striking out the words, *or in any other manner*, 'during the months of December, January, *March and April*.'"

It was also proposed to amend this section, so that it shall include the Mohawk river and its tributaries, among the waters in which fish are not to be taken with net, seine, or pike, at any time. It was proposed that section 9, should read, that:—

"'Fines imposed under the provisions of this act may be recovered by *action in the name of any person*,' and in addition to 'before any Justice of the Peace in this State,' 'or Marine or District Courts in the city of New York.'"

To section tenth, in regard to the exemption from penalties for game killed prior to the prohibited periods, or in any place outside of the limits of this State, was recommended to be added:—"unless it be shown that by the laws of the State where they are killed, such killing was illegal." The report of the Committee was unanimously adopted. It was then moved and carried that the Secretary prepare a memorial to the Legislature, to be signed by every member of the Convention, and requesting the passage of the above amendments. Arrangements were then made for the sport on the following day.

When the President stated that Mr. H. Berdan, the gentleman who is getting up the rifle regiment to serve during the war, was expected to be in the city to-day, and that he proposed to visit the Convention, it was moved that a complimentary invitation to visit the Convention be extended him, with the privilege of participating in the sports—but not the prizes—of the day. The next annual meeting was voted to be held at Rochester, on the third Tuesday in June, 1862. The following officers were then chosen, when the Convention adjourned to the next morning:—Chas. H. Haswell, President; Chas. W. Hutchinson, of Utica, 1st Vice President, and John Haywood, Jr., of Rochester, 2d do.; Chas E. Whitehead, of New York, 1st Secretary, and Geo. Dawson, of Albany, 2d do.

On Wednesday, the 19th inst., the sportsmen early in the forenoon proceeded to test their individual merits on the trigger, on the opposite side of the river from Utica, where sheds had been erected, and every convenience provided for the guests. Ninety dozen birds were in the coop, and all hands looked forward to some good sport. At ten o'clock the shooting commenced with Mr. Calverly as Umpire. The first match was one between competitors west of Utica, and Utica and those east, ten birds to each man, 21 yards rise, 60 yards fall, the losers to take birds, and pay expenses.

The shooting resulted in the defeat of Utica and East, by 14 birds as follows:—

WEST OF UTICA.		UTICA AND EAST.	
W. Bascom.....	0111010110— 6	A. B. Johnson....	1011101111— 8
C. Kellogg.....	1111111101— 9	C. H. Haswell....	0011001011— 5
E. H. Mann.....	1001101111— 7	C. E. Whitehead.	1111110111— 9
E. Garrison.....	1110110011— 7	M. Mayhew	0100111011— 6
John Haywood...	0101011011— 6	Morgan James ...	1101111101— 8
James Wing	1111111111—10	A. J Lathrop....	0100000100— 2
Wm. Tompkins..	1100111110— 7	L. A. Williams...	1011110011— 7
J. H. Mann	1011111111— 9	G. Wescott	0001010111— 5
J. H. Poyser.....	1111110111— 9	Ira Button.....	1100110110— 6
Total.....	70	Total.....	56

In the afternoon the rifle match was contested, Mr. Morgan James making the lowest string, viz: 2½ inches. Shortly afterwards the second pigeon match took place, open to all, with a small entrance fee to pay for the birds, and for a prize of $10. The rules were, twelve birds each man, 21 yards rise, 1¼ oz shot, ties to be shot off with single birds. The shooting produced the following score:—

J Haywood....	110111011001— 8	A B Johnson...	101111101111—10
W F Tompkins.	101000011111— 7	W R Bascom...	111111110110—10
J Wing.....	001100010011— 5	W H Dutton.....	00— 0
E H Munn	000000111001— 4	Wright.....	00— 0
John H Mann..	011011111111—10	Poyser.....	010— 1
C Whitehead...	111011101111—10	Finch	10110— 3
I A Williams...	001101010110— 6	C H Haswell.....	11011— 4
D C Davies.....	100011100111— 7	E Garrison.....	00— 0
C A Kellogg....	111011111111—11	M Mayhew	111111011111—11
M James.....	100111001000— 5		

Messrs. Mahew and Kellogg having tied at eleven birds each, they shot off at single birds, which resulted in Mr. Mayhew winning.

After the shooting, the fly throwing match was next in order, for which there were five entries, among them Messrs. Calverly, Hutchinson, and Lennebacker. There was, it is said, some misunderstanding about the manner of throwing for the prize, which was a handsome diploma. Some supposed it was to be awarded for distance, others for skill, and still others for both skill and distance. Mr. Calverly threw the longest line, Mr. Hutchinson the next, and Mr. Lennebacker the shortest. The prize for the best skill in throwing, however, was awarded by the Committee to Mr. Lennebacker, although the Committee decided that Mr. Hutchinson excelled Mr. L. in distance and ease of motion, and Mr. Calverly exceeded both in distance.

This closed the out door sports and business of the convention; but in the evening they had a happy and jovial re-union at the Central Hotel, where a feast was spread for them, to which they did ample justice, after the manner of true sportsmen. The cloth being removed, Mr. C. H Haswell, of New York, took the chair, the Vice President of the association, C. W. Hutchinson, Esq., doing the honors at the "other end." Speeches, songs, toasts, &c, were then in order, and followed in rapid succession, the leading feature being, as might be anticipated, the annual address, delivered by Mr. Whitehead, of New York. The following is a report thereof:—

When at a late epoch it was announced to me that I had been selected to deliver the annual address before our Club, I felt a heavy sense of the obligation imposed. I retired to my study, shut out my wife and family, and attempted to write a speech. It went well enough for a few lines, but so soon as I began to think of the woodland life, of the bear I didn't hit up on the North Branch, when there came to me the memory of old time hunts, of the quacking duck raising out of the osiers, of the snipe skipping by on the beach, of quiet days' trolling down the long lake stretches, of wading knee-deep through mountain streams throwing the fly, of all the pleasant diversions of a sportsman's life, I found how useless it was to attempt to depict all these happiest emotions and recollections. It is idle to essay any such thing. Not one of us but would rather fish than read a letter about fishing, and I concluded I had rather *talk* than elaborately write about our jovial sports. These Conventions of ours are in the highest degree commendable. As scattered over the State, individually or in small clubs, we can exert little if any influence, but when we come together with such influential names and influential relations as we can bring, we have a potent effect upon New York legislation on game subjects. Our present State law is broader in its scope, more genial, and more accurately defines the rights and wrongs of fishing and shooting, than the law of any other of our States. It has been compared with Canadian enactments and those of all our States, and is confessed to stand in advance of them all. And this law is the work of the New York Sportsmen's Club. Another commendable feature of our annual meetings, this year inaugurated, is the testing of our mutual skill in feats of arms. In olden times these trials were of great importance. The ancient jousts and tournaments, the contests with the crossbow and its clothyard shaft, the trials of the Yagers in the Tyrol, the tests of archery in the forests of Fontainbleau are our precedents, and if no Kings or Queens sit enthroned to witness our princely sports and award our guerdons, we have at least had the satisfaction of a day of open and honorable contest, with no overreaching or unfairness. The winners know that they have fairly won, and the losers are satisfied that they were not tricked out of success. If these trials are continued, we shall establish an annual tournament which will draw together crowds of sportsmen, one which will be attended by the reporters for the press, and be an occasion of general interest. It will encourage the formation of County Clubs and the establishment of rules of fair fowling. These rules of fair chase are certain indices of civilization. The Sioux and the Blackfeet annually enclose and slaughter acres of bison—their bleaching bones, rattled by the winter blasts, alone tell their number. The Caffirs of South Africa dig pitfalls for herds of gemsbok and other antelopes. In Canada and Northern Maine, the remnants of the Indian tribes, more than normally debased from their connection with the whites, still build their yards in the winter snows and pen up and butcher herds of moose and deer. And these same fellows go in the spawning season and take a hundred salmon to every spear—throwing them out of their boats, spawn and all, when they have more than they can eat. All these are of the lowest class of barbarians. In the highest forms of civilization, there are always rules which men dare not break over against the killing of a doe when she has a fawn with her. And the more advanced the civilization, the stricter the rule. Among all associations and pastimes of man, there are none that carry him more thoroughly out into full manhood, into full communion with nature, out of all petty troubles and vexations, and into the unconstrained exercise of all his powers, than those of the chase. How many times have I gone into the forest with the latest snow, when the birch, pine and maple were crusted inch deep with diamonds, and watched the snow melting under the early spring sun, and the blue mists enveloping the mountains, until all the landscape cut off its livery of white and emerged into the bright green robes of summer. The sportsman camped in the woods hears a thousand new voices, notes a thousand new forms of life. He tries to interpret the different sounds of the green woods, familiar in boyhood, but effaced from memory by long years of city life. One bird note after another comes back to recollection, and with them a host of olden memories. And then the joyous excitement of the chase. Where is the man whose heart hasn't leaped up within him at hearing the first yelp hot his hound over the mountain after the dun deer? And then the great buck comes crashing down through the undergrowth, and takes to the water, and you out with the boat and after him. These are the merest fragments of the grand pageant of the forest which makes up every day life in the woods. The speaker here quoted forty or fifty lines from "The Chase," in Scott's "Lady of the Lake," beginning:—

"As chief who hears his warder call."

And then when the chase is over, the boats come in at night with their loads of game and fish, the jolly crowd gather about the camp fire, and bring out the cheerful pipe and merry bottle. There is no

question or constraint as to what one shall say, but all is free frolicsome and happy. In the woods Nature seems more natural and beautiful. I remember what was said to me up in Canada by a fellow who always spent his summers in the woods. He was only out of them in the winter, when he came down to the settlements to chop, or teach school, and then back to the forest in the early spring. It was just at close of a beautiful summer's day, when the whole land and waterscape were flooded with the molten gold of the setting sun, that I was asking him how he could be content with perpetual solitary life in the forest. He replied: "Wall, it's worth more than livin' in towns to see that sun set." [Applause.]

Such life teaches men to revere everything they see made around them; it teaches them to think less of themselves and more of others. We see often among us, men who prefer such life—great men as well as great hunters. I recall to mind one just now. He is a little man, not bigger than I am. [Mr. Whitehead stands something over six feet.] About as big as five or six wine bottles. Like our worthy President, I have heard him called a "dark complected man." A few years ago he felt an inclination to go to the Congo coast. He stayed there two years, encountering all imaginable perils and hardships, but collecting specimens of the strange natural growths of that before unexplored and unknown country. He captured the first specimen of a rare monkey tribe ever brought to the notice of naturalists, and altogether his expedition furnished to the world one of the choicest chapters in natural history. The young woodman I refer to is Du Chaillu. I saw another instance, exhibiting the germ of the true sportsman, this afternoon. I came across two boys, with their trowsers up, wading the creek to catch "redfins." One of them caught a fish even less than a redfin, one of the shiner variety. His little *confrere*, a chap about as high as this table, cried out:—

"Oh, Johnny! that's a baby fish; put it back."

That was the natural sportsman's instinct, which some men have not,—and so we have game laws.

When I commence talking on this subject, the possibility of exhausting it doesn't occur to me—nor does it to any one who is in love with it. A man talks of it as he would of his wife, or his baby, or his horse, or anything he loves—he can talk of it forever.

There are men who go to the woods in a panoply of care. They estimate the time to be taken, and the cost to be incurred, and the distance to be traversed, and go determined to have the worth of their money. Such men should know that we don't compute the joys of the sportsman's life in money. Why, I wouldn't trade the firelight of the camp and the sweet voices of the green wood for such a man's fortune. I sum up my profit and loss at the end of each excursion in the inward declaration: I'll try to go next year."

Mr. W. closed with Burns' lines commencing:

My heart 's in the Highlands,
My heart is not here;
My heart 's in the Highlands,
A chasing the deer.

CRICKET.

CRICKET IN THE BAY STATE.—The cricketers of Massachusetts, notwithstanding the serious drawbacks on field sports by war's demand for men and muscle, have been enjoying themselves hugely at their favorite game. Eleven of the Boston Cricket Club left that city on the 11th inst., and proceeded to Shelburne Falls, Mass., to play a return match with the Franklin Club of that place, on the 13th inst. The game resulted in favor of the Boston boys. Below we appead the score:—

BOSTON.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
Blanchard l b w b Grinold	12	b Grinold	6
Alline c Harrison b Grinold	5	b Grinold	7
Crockett c and b Pindar	1	b Grinold	12
Haigh c Bowers b Pindar	0	not out	15
Draper b Pindar	2	b Bowling	1
Sanglier b Grinold	0	run out	1
Kilner not out	10	c and b Grinold	0
Colter c Pratt b Pindar	5		
Collamore b Pindar	2	b Bowling	0
Sullivan b Pindar	1	b Grinold	1
Davis b Pindar	0	not out	8
Byes 2, wides 3	5	Bye	1
Total	43	Total	52

FRANKLIN.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
J Halligan run out	5	c Haigh b Blanchard	0
H Mid'lton c Sanglier b Draper	0	c and b Blanchard	1
H Utley run out	1	b Blanchard	3
W Pindar b Blanchard	4	b Blanchard	2
J Grinold b Blanchard	2	c Sanglier b Blanchard	0
C Bowers b Blanchard	2	c Haigh b Draper	0
R Bardwell b Blanchard	3	not out	9
A Halligan b Draper	0	b Draper	7
G Pratt b Draper	13	b Blanchard	16
W Bowling b Blanchard	9	c Draper b Blanchard	1
J Harrison not out	0	b Draper	2
Byes 2, leg bye 1, wide 5	8	Wides	6
Total	47	Total	47

ANALYSIS OF BOWLING.

BOSTON.—First Innings.

	Balls.	*Runs.*	*Maidens.*	*Wickets.*	*Wides.*
Blanchard	72	24	2	5	3
Draper	66	15	5	3	2
Second Innings.					
Blanchard	84	27	4	7	1
Haigh	60	3	7	0	5
Draper	42	11	0	3	0
SHELBURNE FALLS—First Innings.					
Grinold	60	26	0	4	3
Pindar	56	11	2	7	0
Second Innings.					
Grinold	54	26	2	5	0
Pindar	24	14	0	0	0
Bowling	30	11	1	2	0

Umpires—for Franklin, John Scott; for Boston, H. Towne.
Scorers—for Franklin, J. E. Merrill; For Boston, Mr. Chapman.

On the following day, Friday, 14th inst, the victorious party played with the Lowell club, in that city, and added another leaf to the annals of their almost "time honored contests." The match proved a very interesting one. We annex the score:—

BOSTON.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
Barron run out	5	run out	0
Alline b Franks	2	b Mollihan	6
Blanchard c Florence b Franks	1	b Florence	21
Crockett run out	1	b Florence	1
Haigh run out	11	not out	26
Draper c Gillam b Franks	1	b Robinson	38
Kilner b Franks	0	c Perkins b Mollihan	7
Sanglier run out	0	b Florence	2
Joslin not out	12	c G Muzzey b Mollihan	2
Davis c Crafts b Florence	6	run out	1
Martin c Mollihan b Franks	1	run out	6
Leg bye 1, wide 1	2	Byes 7, 1 byes 6, wides 6	19
Total	42	Total	129

LOWELL.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
J Reed b Martin	0	c Draper b Blanchard	5
G Muzzey run out	4	run out	1
H Perkins run out	5	c Kilner b Blanchard	2
Robinson run out	19	run out	8
G Florence b Blanchard	0	b Barron	9
W Franks b Blanchard	0	b Martin	6
H R Fletcher c Joslin b Martin	17	run out	9
Mollhan b Draper	3	run out	0
E Muzzey b Martin	4	not out	0
Crafts b Draper	1	b Martin	3
Gillam not out	1	b Blanchard	5
Byes 9, leg bye 1, wide 9	19	Bye 1, wides 11, no ball 1	13
Total	73	Total	56

ANALYSIS OF BOWLING.

BOSTON—First Innings.

	Balls.	*Runs.*	*Maidens.*	*Wickets.*	*Wides.*
Martin	150	28	6	3	4
Blanchard	54	18	1	2	3
Barron	30	1	4	0	1
Draper	66	7	5	2	1
Second Innings.					
Martin	97	23	3	2	6
Blanchard	54	11	2	3	1
Barron	30	6	0	1	1
Haigh	12	3	0	0	8
LOWELL—First Innings.					
Franks	84	24	1	5	0
Florence	78	16	5	2	1
Second Innings.					
Florence	162	57	4	3	2
Mollhan	84	21	2	2	2
Franks	48	24	1	0	1
Robinson	24	8	0	1	0

GREAT CRICKET WEEK IN ENGLAND.—SURREY AND NOTTINGHAM.—What the Derby week was to the lovers of horse racing, the following week was to those fond of the bat and ball, for it may with truth be said to be the Derby Cricket Week, for on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, June 3, 4, and 5, the two great Elevens met at Leeds, as will be seen by report elsewhere, and on the Thursday, Friday, and Saturday following, the two great cricketing counties, Surrey and Nottingham, put out all their strength, by sending their strongest teams to the Oval at Kennington and London, where some fine play was witnessed by thousands of spectators. The Surrey side were the first to handle the willow, and they made, by some fine play, 168 runs; the Nottingham side then went in, and when the wickets were drawn for the night, they had made 98 for the loss of seven of their men. On Thursday morning they again commenced, and made their score up to 130 ere the last man had notice to leave; George Parr and J. Hogg both playing very fine, and strange to say, each made 31 runs. The Surrey side again took the bat in hand, and this innings they made the large score of 203, which, with the 38 added, made 241 for their opponents to go in and get to tie. The second innings of the Notts was commenced, and two men were lost for 27 runs, when the wickets were drawn for that day. On the 8th, they again commenced, and some good play was shown, but they were unable to get up the score, the Surrey side winning with 103 runs to spare. The following is the score:—

SURREY SIDE.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
E Dawson c Brampton	9	b Tinley	29
T Sewell c and b Jackson	23	b Tinley	45
C G Lane run out	0	b Tinley	44
G Griffith c Grundy	57	c Cerk	15
W Caffyn b Hogg	3	c Hogg	0
F Burbidge b Grundy	8	c and b Grundy	13
H H Stephenson c Tinley	0	b Jackson	10
J Cæsar b Jackson	22	b Grundy	22
W Mortlock b Jackson	6	not out	2
F Lockyer not out	20	run out	5
F P Miller c Daft	19	b Jackson	12
Bye	1	Byes, &c	6
Total	168	Total	203

NOTTINGHAM SIDE.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
C Brampton c Caffyn	12	c Burbidge	18
F Chatterton c Burbidge	5	b Griffith	30
J Grundy c Stephenson	6	c Griffith	9
R Daft c Caffyn	10	b Griffith	3
J Jackson run out	4	c Mortlock	6
G Parr c Caffyn	31	b Griffith	36
A Cleck b Sewell	7	c Lockyer	5
T Davis c Cæsar	0	not out	7
J Hogg b Griffith	31	c Griffith	11
R C Tinley c Mortlock	11	c Burbidge	7
G Wooton not out	0	b Griffith	0
Byes, &c	13	Byes, &c	11
Total	130	Total	138

CRICKET MATCH IN PHILADELPHIA.—A match was played on Saturday, June 22d, between the junior clubs Magnolia and Decatur, which resulted in the defeat of the former by 4 runs. The following is the score:—

MAGNOLIA.

First Innings		Second Innings.	
A Kardigen c and b C String	5	b E String	15
Manderfield st. out	4	b Outerbridge	4
Leeson b Outerbridge	12	l b w b Outerbridge	13
J Kardigen b E String	5	b C String	1
Naulty c F Peale b E String	6	b Outerbridge	5
Rogers c Peale b E String	0	b Outerbridge	1
Godfrey c Peale b E String	6	b E String	2
McKenna c Stewart b Outerbridge	1	not out	2
Worrell b E String	0	b E String	0
McMullen not out	0	b C String	0
Leg byes	3	Leg byes	1
No balls	1	No balls	1
Total	43	Total	45

DECATUR.

First Innings		Second Innings.	
W Peale b Manderfield	1	b Manderfield	2
C String b Manderfield	13	b Kardigen	10
C Patton b Leeson	3	b Kardigen	2
Miller b McMullin c Manderf'd	3	b Manderfield	6
Stewart b McMullin c Hardigen	0	b Manderfield c Godfrey	2
Steen b Leeson	8	b Kardigen	9
F Peale not out	2	not out	3
Orth b Kardigen	4	b Manderfield	1
Outerbridge b Kardigen	7	b Kardigen	6
E String b McMullin c Manderf'd	5	c Godfrey b Manderfield	3
Byes	0	Byes	2
Total	46	Total	46

THE NEW YORK CRICKET CLUB will play a match on their grounds at Hoboken, N. J., on the Fourth of July, when the first eleven will play the next twenty-two. An early and full attendance is desirable.

CRICKETERS CONVENTION IN BOSTON, MASS.—The various cricket clubs of Massachusetts meet in convention at the Broomfield House, Boston, on Friday, the 12th of July, 1861, to make arrangements for a match, All Massachusetts vs. New York clubs, to be played in New York.

BALL PLAY.

RESOLUTE OF BROOKLYN VS. MYSTIC OF YORKVILLE.—The first match between these clubs this season took place on the grounds of the Resolute Club, on Lee and Bedford avenues, near Rutledge street, on Saturday, June 22d, the result being the defeat of the Mystics by the Brookiyn players. The game was not a very interesting one, or very well played. Occasionally, however, there was some good play shown by both parties. Among those who especially distinguished themselves on the part of the Resolutes, we would name Burnett, for good fielding and batting; and also Rogers and Sanford; and on the part of the Mystics, C. Glover and H. Kelly both played well; the former made a beautiful catch with one hand. There was no kind of order preserved around the scorer's desk by the Resolutes, who were sadly negligent in this respect; but to make up for it they hospitably entertained their guests at the close of the game. We give the particulars so fully in the following score that further comment is unnecessary:—

MYSTIC.

NAMES.	H.	L.	RUNS.
C Glover, s s	2		2
McCarthy, l f	1		3
W Glover, p	2		1
Gray, 3d b	3		1
Shipman, r f	3		1
T Kelly, 2d b	5		0
Manson, c f	1		2
Gaylor, 1st b	2		1
H Kelly, c	2		1
Total	12		

RESOLUTE.

NAMES	H	L	RUNS.
Cowperthwaite, c f	4		1
Barto, l f	1		4
Bennett, c	3		2
A Rogers, s s	1		4
Creagh, 2d b	1		4
Sanford, 3d b	2		3
Bowie, 1st b	2		2
Canfield, p	4		1
M Rogers, r f	3		2
Total	23		

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNINGS.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Mystic	0	2	2	1	2	5	0	0	0	—12
Resolute	7	5	3	2	1	5	0	0	0	—23

FIELDING.

	Fly	*B'nd*	*Base*	*Total*
C Glover	4	1	0	5
McCarthy	0	0	0	0
W Glover	0	1	0	1
Gray	0	0	0	0
Shipman	0	0	0	0
T Kelly	0	1	1	2
Manson	0	1	0	1
Gaylor	0	0	2	2
H Kelly	3	3	2	8
Total	7	7	5	19

	Fly	*B'nd*	*Base*	*Total*
Cowperthwait	0	0	0	0
Barto	0	1	1	2
Bennett	1	2	0	3
A Rogers	1	1	0	2
Creagh	0	0	1	1
Sanford	1	1	1	3
Bowie	0	0	4	4
Canfield	0	0	0	0
M Rogers	2	1	0	3
Total	5	6	7	18

HOW PUT OUT.

	Fly	*B'd*	—*Bases*— *1st*	*2d*	*3d*	*Foul*
C Glover	1	0	0	0	0	1
McCarthy	0	0	0	0	1	0
W Glover	0	0	1	0	0	1
Gray	0	0	0	1	1	0
Shipman	0	0	2	0	0	0
T Kelly	2	1	1	0	0	0
Manson	0	1	0	0	0	0
Gaylor	0	1	0	0	0	1
H Kelly	1	1	0	0	0	0
Total	4	4	4	1	2	3

	Fly	*B'd*	—*Bases*— *1st*	*2d*	*3d*	*Foul*
Cowperthw't	2	1	0	0	0	1
Barto	1	0	0	0	0	0
Bennett	0	2	1	0	0	0
A Rogers	0	0	0	0	0	1
Sanford	0	0	0	1	0	1
Bowie	0	1	0	0	0	0
Canfield	0	0	1	1	0	1
M Rogers	2	0	0	0	0	1
Total	5	4	2	2	0	5

Passed balls, on which bases were run—H. Kelly, 8; Bennett, 12.
Home runs—McCarthy, 1; A. Rogers, 1; Creagh, 1.
Struck out—Gray, 1; Bowie, 1; Canfield, 1.
Put out at Home Base—A Rogers by H Kelly.
Run out between bases—Shipman and Kelly by Rogers.
Time of game—three hours and thirty minutes.
Catches made on the fly—A. Rogers, 1; Sanford, 2; Barto, 1; Bennett, 1; Shipman, 1; C. Glover, 1.
Catches missed on the bound—Cowperthwaite, 1; T. Kelly, 1; C. Glover, 1.
Umpire—Mr. G Germond, of the Constellation club.
Scorers—for the Mystic club, Mr. W. Kelly; Resolute club, Mr. J. A. Phillips.

THE NEW RULES.—The rules of the game of Base Ball which were changed at the last convention, are those marked sections 1, 4, 8, 19, and 28. The first changes the size and weight of the ball, which is now made a quarter of an ounce lighter, and a quarter of an inch smaller in circumference than before. The second change made is in section 4, which now reads so as to require a chalk or white line to be made between home and 1st base, and home and 3d base, as lines whereby foul balls can be judged. The lines to be made on all occasions of regular matches. Section 8 has been changed so as to make a ball foul if it fall outside the line of the home and 1st and home and 3d bases, no matter whether it first touches the ground or the person of the player. And it is to be considered a fair ball under the same circumstances if it fall within the above lines. Section 19 now requires players returning to their bases on foul balls, to retrace their steps by going from home to 3d, 3d to 2d, and 2d to 1st, no player being allowed to cross the field from home to 2d, or 3d to 1st. And lastly, section 28 requires the Umpire to name the winning club before leaving the ground, and to record the same in the score books of the contesting clubs.

WHAT SOLDIERS WILL DO FOR WATER.—One who took part in the fight at Great Bethel, makes the following statement:—"Some of us have had very narrow chances for life. In the course of the fight, several of us ran across a road along which the cannon of the enemy were constantly playing, in order to get water. (I find, by the way that on the battle field a man will risk his life, without hesitation for water.) Having got it, we were waiting to rush back again, dodging the balls in order to do so. Our First Lieutenant sang out, "don't so many of you come at once!" I, with some others, stopped to allow the next lot to pass. They made a rush, and when nearly across, a cannon-ball came whizzing along and killed four men, mowing them down instantly. One was of our own corps, one of the East Boston company, one a Lieutenant of Artillery, and one unknown to me. On seeing this, we immediately made a rush after them, but though running the same risk, went safely over."

SPORTS ABROAD.

THE RING.

FIGHTS TO COME.

JUNE 18.—Sam Hurst and Jem Mace; £200 a side, and the Championship, London.
18.—Burgess and Clarke—£100 a side, London.
24.—Newton and Hall—£15 a side, catch weight. Birmingham.
24.—Boyle and Murphy—£10 a side. Liverpool.
JULY 9.—Young Gallagher and Young Dutch Sam—£25 a side, at 8st 4lb. Home Circuit.
23.—Bill Benjamin and Dick James—£100 a side, catch weight. London.
30.—John Rooke and Job Cobley—£50 a side, at 10st. Home Circuit.
SEPT. 3.—Shaw and Tyler—£100 a side, 8st 10lb. London.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF ENGLAND, AND FINAL DEPOSIT.

Sam Hurst and Jem Mace, for £400, the Belt and Championship.

All doubts, if there were any, says the London Sporting Life of June 8, respecting the continuation of the match must at length be put to flight by the fact of the final deposit of £35 a side being staked on Thursday last, according to articles, at Jem Mace's, the Old King John, Holywell-lane, Shoreditch. There was but very little betting, the partizans of Mace holding out for such odds as, at present, are not to be got. One or two of his friends, who now and then indulge in fancy bets, have backed their Norwich fancy, in a few instances, at evens, but those investments cannot be brought forward as a correct state of the market. A meeting will be held on Wednesday next, at the office of the stakeholder, when all the arrangements will be completed respecting the whereabouts, &c. The present champion is as well as he possibly can be brought, considering the drawbacks he has had to undergo with his wounded pedestal; but yet we are confidently assured that his appearance, when facing his opponent, will astonish even the oldest frequenter of the ring. Jem Mace is still attending actively to his training in his native village, near Norwich, and his friends are highly pleased with his condition, while Mace himself is anxiously awaiting the day, and expresses himself very confident of gaining a victory over his gigantic opponent. From a local contemporary we have taken the few following lines, showing the interest which is excited in and near Norwich, by the forthcoming tournament. After announcing her (the Norwich) great nobs, her philosophers, philanthropists, musicians, statesmen, warriors, &c., it lays claim to the top of the tree for the above, and proceeds as follows:—Among the most celebrated names of Norfolk for the future must be reckoned the name of Mace, whose late splendid victory over Brettle has proved him to be a real "gem" of pugilistic excellence, and we venture to predict that in no lengthened period he will rank as Champion of England, and head of his profession; his excellent qualities as a boxer, only want developing to show that *Mace* was the spice, which was wanting to give the finishing flavor to Heenan's American hash. We believe that Mace would have polished him off in half the time that Sayers took. "All honor to the brave," all honor to the noble qualities, to the enduring bravery of the gallant Tom. But we must say that we fully expect to hail James Mace as Champion of England, and the worthiest, as the latest of our Norfolk heroes.

The arrangements, &c, are progressing most favorably, and as both men are in strict training, the most sceptical must be satisfied with the progress of matters and believe that the forthcoming encounter for the Champ onship and its rich trophies will soon become a matter of history. Young King claims the first chance of making a match with the winner, and states that we will make a match with Hurst, win or lose. The American Champion, J. C. Heenan, has arrived safely in New York, from New Orleans, in splendid condition and health. His last performance in New Orleans was to throw a man down stairs (neck and crop) who desired him to pull down the colors under which he had contended with Sayers, in consequence of their association with the American Flag. We are glad to be able to state that *Heenan will at some future time revisit our shores, and when the best man of the present candidates has been finally settled, it is his intention to meet the conqueror. And the sooner that most point is settled the more it will be to Heenan's taste.*

In regard to the Mace and Hurst Match, *Bell's Life* of the 9th says:—The great event is now very near at hand. The last deposit of £35 a side was made at Jem Mace's, Old King John, Holywell-lane, and the preliminaries for a comfortable adjustment of the little differences are progressing most satisfactorily. There has been great difficulty in securing a conveyance, but thanks to the energy of the managers, that has now been surmounted. We hear from good authority that both men are in capital condition. Hurst's friends write that his leg is quite strong, and that he is very confident. We have heard of very little betting, and what has been done has been at very short odds on Hurst, whose friends are not so liberal in their offers as when he was matched with Paddock, hoping, no doubt, to get on on easier terms. Next week we hope to be in a position to lay before our readers some fuller information on all matters connected with the exciting affair.

Tom King requests us to say he wishes to fight Sam Hurst, win or lose with Mace, as Hurst challenged him some time back. He also begs to intimate that he still considers himself entitled to the first shy at the winner, whichever he may be. He has left a deposit in our hands, which he requests Hurst will cover. The statement in our last that he wished to fight Mace, win or lose, was a mistake; he only intends to fight him if he is fortunate enough to gain the belt.

ANOTHER CANDIDATE FOR YOUNG KING.—Mr. Editor:—Having for some years withdrawn from the Prize Ring, I once more come into the Ring to find a man to fight this "Young King" for £50, £100, or £200 a side. Man and money ready at the Crown and Cushion, on the 17th of June, the night before the fight between Mace and Hurst.—I am, sir, your obedient servant, HARRY BROOME, Ex-champion, Crown and Cushion, Little Russell-street, Covent-garden.

MCCARTHY AND GILCHRIST.—These men fought near Stockton-on-Tees, one day late in May, for a small stake. McCarthy won in twenty-nine rounds, in 43 minutes.

PEDESTRIANISM.

A SEVEN MILES WALKING MATCH.—J. Jenns and Peers met at Hackney Wick, on the 31 inst., to test each other's speed in walking the above distance, for £15 a side. In betting, Jenns was the favorite, but there was not much money laid out. The match had been fixed to come off at six o'clock but it was not until a delay of more than half an hour that the competitors came on the ground, when they at once took up their position at the mark, having to make the circuit of the course forty-seven times. Both are smart active young fellows, and were in excellent fettle. On starting they got off in good style, but soon after the commencement of the first lap, Peers took the lead, Jennus keeping a few paces in the rear, and thus without anything transpiring that needs special comment, the struggle progressed most satisfactorily throughout the first, second, third, and fourth miles. In the relative position of the pedestrians not the least variation occurred, for the lead was maintained by Peers, although from the style in which Jenns was following, it was evident that he was doing his "work" quite within himself, and that thus far he had been holding himself in reserve. While performing the fifth mile an important change took place, for now Jenns, in one of those slashing spurts for which he is noted, gradually diminished the gap, until at length they were rattling along shoulder to shoulder. Jenns finally succeeded in obtaining the lead, and on the termination of the fifth mile was some yards ahead. During the sixth and seventh miles there were a series of very pretty alternate spurts made towards the finish. Although Peers boldly kept "coming" again and again, Jenns finally maintained the lead, and won by about a dozen yards.

A TWO MILES RUNNING MATCH.—A. Winter and C Perry met at West Brompton, on the 31 inst., to run a two miles race, for £5 a side. The competitors were in excellent condition, Winter the favorite at 2 to 1, although there was little money speculated. The referee having been appointed, the pedestrians placed themselves in position at the mark, and on the word "off" being pronounced, dashed away in capital order, and for about the first 200 yards ran level. Now, however, as they came round the top of the course, and entered the straight run from the dressing booth, Perry took the lead, heading his opponent by about two yards, and in this manner they raced on until the finish of the first lap. Throughout the second lap (half a mile) there was not the least alteration in their positions, nor was the pace anything like so good as it subsequently became. Winter, though in the rear, was content to wait upon his opponent, while Perry himself well knew that if he hoped to be successful, he must hold himself in readiness to make the grand effort when Winter should attempt to come with the "rush." In the manner described the competitors continued the struggle up to the completion of the fourth lap (one mile), but no sooner had they entered upon the fifth, than Winter, in a gallant spurt, shot to the front, and soon left a for midable gap between them. He, however, did not maintain this advantage long, for Perry, before they had gone 100 yards further, again challenged his man for the lead, and succeeded in wresting it from him, although when they had entered upon the sixth lap, Winter was once more in advance. While running this portion of the distance, Perry, in a magnificent spurt, again resumed the lead. He, however, was not able to keep it long, for Winter once more passed his man, and so left him in the rear, that on the completion of the seventh lap Perry was at least twenty yards behind. The result now was evident, for Winter had given proof that he possessed a fine turn of speed, and was none the worse for the exertions he had made; while Perry, it was apparent, was a good deal distressed. Throughout the eighth and last lap, Winter left his man more and more behind, and went in an easy winner, Perry pulling up at the dressing booth, in the straight run in. Time, 10min 42sec.

A TEN MILE RACE.—Rowan of Newcastle and E. Mills of London, settled their disputed match on Monday, 3d inst., at Newcastle. The match was for £50, and the distance was 10 miles, the running ground having to be traversed 39 times round to accomplish the distance. In consequence of the celebrity of the men the greatest interest was excited among the lovers of pedestrianism, and it was estimated that no fewer than 5 000 spectators were present. About three o'clock the men toed the scratch, and after a fair start Mills took the lead by about two yards, and carried it on for a short time. Before they had accomplished the first lap Rowan took up the running with a lead of about the same distance. They continued in this way until the fourth lap, when Mills made an effort, passed Rowan, and made a gap between them of 15 or 16 yards. He continued the running, mending his pace, until at one time he had the advantage of Rowan to the extent of 70 yards. He then eased, and allowed Rowan in the next two or three laps to overhaul him and lead by two or three yards, Mills evidently running within himself. They ran in this position for a lap more, when Mills again put on the steam, headed his opponent, and led him by about 20 yards. He continued running at a good pace until they had gone about seven miles of the distance, when Rowan, finding his chance of proving the winner was gone, relinquished the contest, and Mills having accomplished the entire distance, was declared the winner. The betting at start was 2 to 1 (freely offered) on Rowan, and in some instances 3 to 1. During the running the odds decreased to 2 to 1, taken freely, 6 to 4 was next laid, afterwards evens, and ultimately 5 to 4 on Mills.

GREAT CRICKET MATCH IN ENGLAND.

THE ALL ENGLAND VS UNITED ALL ENGLAND ELEVENS.—The match between these two renowned cricketing elevens was commenced on Lord's Ground on Monday, the 31 inst. The All England went in first, but very speedily commenced and continued coming out till the first half of their wickets were gone for 29 runs. The United, at the last moment, added the bowling of Buttress, of Cambridge, to their strength—as result showed a wise and timely addition. As will be seen below, the Old Eleven were sent home in their first innings for 74, four of them being victims of Buttress. Caffyn, however, bowled finely, as well as ever he did. The ground was in good condition, so the cause was not there. The Old Eleven had been by far the favorites. Matters were now, however, materially altered. It was no joke to see such a bevy of batsmen as the All England Eleven lowered in a couple of hours. Jackson and Willsher then took up the bowling of the All England Eleven, the United taking the bat. Jackson and Willsher might, speaking broadly, be said to represent opposite principles in bowling to the pair of bowlers (Buttress and Caffyn) whom they now superseded. Caffyn has long been known in cricketing *parlance* to bowl with his head—not that he unships his merry little *caput*, and, as the "good woman" is sarcastically said to be, without one—but Billy uses his arm under the ceaseless guidance of his head, sending in every possible variety of pitch and pace. Caffyn bowling, and Lockyer at the wicket, is a species of pantomime; Tom is always in nods and becks, informing Billy of the weak point of the batsman. Buttress is like Pompey, only more so. His craft in this match seemed greater, or, at least, less understood than Caffyn's, and embarrassed the A. E. E much more than that of the pet of the Oval. Willsher has some craft and twist, but his delivery is very high, and as it shoots from his left hand, seems coming anywhere than to the wicket. Jackson, as every tyro in cricket playing or reading knows, is a name synonymous with irresistible force. Some batsmen are known to be nervously afraid of this locomotive catapult. On Lord's Ground especially, the Surrey men are not so anxious about him as on the softer Oval. Jackson was never more effective than now in lowering the wickets of the United. As swift, straight, and sure as a hawk to its prey, he shot the ball home, and mainly caused their downfall for 61. Again were the A. E. E. in the ascendant, when they took their bats for their second innings, and put on 56 on Monday night for the loss of half their wickets, Hayward, and now Parr, falling victims, and Tinley to Buttress. Jackson joined Daft on Tuesday, with 69 on the score, and did not leave him till the pair had just doubled it. Daft found the bowling very good, and he assiduously set to work to spoil it by passive resistance. He steadily blocked it, punishing the loose balls, while Jackson hit freely everywhere, till Lockyer, at last, got him at the wicket; he escaped at first off Lilywhite, and put on 40 runs; afterwards, Daft, too, had a similar let off from Lockyer, each a serious miss for the United. This pair had caused a change in both bowlers. Caffyn gave way to Grundy, and Buttress to Wisden. Wisden was soon removed, being much hit, but Grundy was kept on to the close of the innings for 152. The United had now 166 to get to win, a tough job! Carpenter soon ran up 29, when he hit the ball "all hot" back to Willsher. Griffith then joined Grundy, and hit both Jackson and Willsher with his usual energy, Jackson being not up to his mark of the first innings. Willsher, however, was the bowler taken off, and for Tinley's slows. The slows soon bothered and got rid of Grundy by a fine catch on the ground of Anderson. Griffith, however, hit the slows, till Tinley and Jackson were both removed for Willsher and Hayward. This move was instantly justified by the result, as Caffyn is removed at once by Willsher, and Griffith by Hayward. The score, however, having mounted from 41 for two wickets to 64 for three, 114 for five, and 117 for six wickets, Wisden and Hearne kept up their wickets in a bad light and falling rain till nearly seven o'clock, without much scoring, and re-opened on Wednesday with 36 wanted to tie, and three wickets to fall. Wisden soon hit the ball back to Jackson. Sewell then joined Hearne, and the little one did all that anybody could do. He hit out or blocked with ease, and Hearne fired up by his example, till they were within 6 of winning the match. Hearne then turned 1 up and disappeared. Buttress took his place. Sewell made a hit for 1, and properly called on Buttress to run. Buttress, who had rendered his Eleven such service as bowler, was now abroad. He dilly-dallied, started at last, but too late, was run out, and the match lost by 5 runs to the All-England Eleven. Patient skill had nearly won the match for the United, indecision lost it. The final score was as follows:—

ALL ENGLAND.

First Innings		Second Innings.	
Diver c Carpenter b Caffyn	1	b Caffyn	13
Daft c Carpenter b Caffyn	1	b Grundy	48
Willsher b Caffyn	7	c Hearne b Buttress	4
Hayward b Buttress	11	b Buttress	5
Parr run out	2	b Buttress	0
Anderson b Caffyn	10	run out	24
H Stevenson c Lockyer b Caffyn	22	c Grundy b Caffyn	3
Cæsar b Buttress	8	c Caffyn b Buttress	2
Tarrant c Caffyn b Buttress	0	not out	2
Jackson c Griffith b Buttress	1	c Lockyer b Grundy	41
Tinley not out	7	c Carpenter b Buttress	4
Bye 1, l b 3	4	Byes 2, l b 3, w 1	6
Total	74	Total	152

UNITED ELEVEN.

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
Hearne b Willsher	4	c Willsher b Haywood	16
E Stephenson c Parr b Jackson	4	b Tinley	2
Carpenter c Diver b Willsher	8	c and b Willsher	29
Grundy b Jackson	5	c Anderson b Tinley	16
Caffyn b Jackson	8	b Willsher	15
Griffith b Willsher	8	b Hayward	45
Lillywhite b Jackson	7	b Hayward	0
Wisden b Jackson	6	c and b Jackson	8
Sewell jun b Jackson	0	not out	14
Lockyer not out	6	b Jackson	7
Buttress b Jackson	1	run out	0
Byes 3, l b 1	4	Byes 3, l b 4, n b 1	8
Total	61	Total	160

ANALYSIS OF BOWLING

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

DEVOTED TO SPORTS AND PASTIMES—THE DRAMA—PHYSICAL AND MENTAL RECREATIONS, ETC.

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SATURDAY, JUNE 29, 1861.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.—Subscribers receiving their papers, in colored wrappers, will please understand that their terms of subscription have expired.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP.—In our next we may probably be enabled to give the result of the Hurst and Mace fight for the Championship of England, which was to have taken place on the 18th inst. There is not much betting going on here, and but little interest exhibited in the match.

A BILLIARD MATCH was to have been played at Grumm's saloon, corner of Dekalb Avenue and Fleet street, Brooklyn, on the 14th inst., 1000 points up, for $20 a side. A dispute arose, however, and as they did not bring it to an amicable conclusion, the match was not completed.

BERGER VS. TIEMAN.—These billiard worthies played a match at Cincinnati on the 14th inst., which the former won by 142 points, the score at the close standing, Berger 250, Tieman 108.

REGATTA AT HALIFAX, N. S.—Saturday, 8th inst., was kept as a sort of a holiday by the people of that city, and a part of the programme of the amusements was a regatta of the Halifax Yacht Club for the challenge cups. There were five entries, namely, the Blanche, Foam, Ada, Wave, and Belle, the latter being the only second class boat that fell into line. The Wave, a new yacht, never before having had her metal tried by other yachts, won, going over the course in two hours, fifty-nine minutes, twenty five seconds. The Ada met with an accident soon after the start, and was withdrawn. A stiff breeze from the eastward favored the yachts, and made the race quite exciting.

SINGLE SCULL BOAT RACE.—A boat race for $25 a side, in single scull 17 feet working boats, came off from Mr. Coogan's Boat House, Jersey City, on Monday evening, 17th inst. The boats were the Young Harry and the Harry Fish. The race was won by George Foley, in the Young Harry. The time around Bedloe's Island, the course rowed, was 38 minutes.

SCOTTISH GAMES.—The Scotchmen of Halifax, N. S., had quite a gathering at the Prince's lodge, on the 8th inst., for practice in their national games, such as throwing the stone and hammer, vaulting, dancing, &c. Many of them appeared in Highland costume, and attracted a good deal of attention.

PIGEON SHOOT.—A match at pigeon shooting took place at Valley Grove, L. I., on the 14th inst., the conditions being to shoot at 16 birds each, twenty-one yards rise, sixty yards boundary, the gun to be kept below the elbow till the bird was on the wing. The contestants were three amateurs, and it resulted as follows, the names being designated by initials only:—

W	0011101101111111—12
L	0111110011111111—13
B	1111111011101111—14

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY COL. T. ALLSTON BROWN.

NUMBER FIFTEEN.

EDWARD L. DAVENPORT.

BORN in Boston, Mass., 1816. At a very early age he had a natural inkling for the life of an actor. He did not jump upon the uppermost round of the ladder at once, but had the regular trials and hardships of an actor's life to go over first. His first appearance on any stage, was at the old Lion Theatre, in Providence.

In a very short time we find him located at the Bowery Theatre, New York, with Mr. T. S. Hamblin.

When Mrs. Mowatt commenced her starring tour, she selected this gentleman as the most competent one to support her, and in that capacity he travelled throughout the State, meeting with great success; made his first appearance before a Philadelphia audience, August 25th, 1838, as Sir George Evelyn, in "Wives as they Were, and Maids as they Are," at the Walnut Street Theatre, in which theatre he remained for some time, for in 1842 we find him there as a regular member of the Company.

In '47 he sailed for England, and made his first appearance at the Manchester Theatre on the 6th of December, as Claude Melnotte, to Mrs. Mowatt's Pauline. After an absence of seven years, he returned to America, and opened at the Broadway Theatre, New York, on Monday evening, September 11th, 1854, as Othello. On his first appearance he was hailed as an old friend returning to his native land, laden with honors; as the piece progressed, this feeling warmed into enthusiasm, and, after the third act, he was called before the curtain. At the close of the piece he was loudly called for, when he came forward and made a few pertinent remarks.

From our previous recollection of his early career as a respectable actor in melo-dramatic pieces, we confess we did not anticipate his achieving any high degree of success in the ambitious part which he had selected for his *debut*. It was a severe ordeal for an actor to pass through.

On the 25th of September, 1854, he made his first appearance in Philadelphia since his return from Europe, at the Walnut Street Theatre, as Claude Melnotte. In December, '56, Mr. D. was playing an engagement at the Bowery Theatre, New York—on the evening of the 13th he received a severe cut over the left eye, by the hands of Mr. John E. McDonough, during the combat scene in "Richard the Third." It was feared that he would lose his eye, and in consequence of this accident he was obliged, after being laid up over a week, to give up all his Southern engagements.

In conjunction with Mr. H. Watkins, Mr. D. took a lease of Burton's old theatre, in New York, and re-opened it as "The American," February 23, 1857; it proved a failure. On the 17th of Aug., '57, he became a permanent member of the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, making his first appearance as St. Pierre, in "The Wife." Remained at this theatre until February 20th, 1858, when, owing to some misunderstanding, he withdrew, and took a farewell benefit at the rival house—the Walnut—February 24th, appearing as Othello, and Captain Murphy Maguire. It was a perfect ovation.

Mr. Davenport's success in England was not a thing of mere newspaper report, but was at once brilliant and substantial, insomuch that he was thereby induced to make his permanent home among a people who had received him with such unexpected favor. His delineation of sailor characters was pronounced by the London critics the best since the days of the famous T. P. Cooke; while his reputation as a tragedian was *equal* to that of *any actor* on the English stage, except Macready. He went to England unheralded, and with nothing to sustain him but promise of his future excellence, he attained a professional reputation there never equalled by any other American actor.

His gestures are easy and commanding, his elocution correct, and his conception of character distinguished by originality and perfect taste. In his rendition of characters he approaches nearer the French school of tragedy than any actor we have as yet seen. When, in addition to these qualities, we state that he has a fine person, a nobly formed head, and expressive features, and a soft and musical voice, we describe an appearance calculated to make no common impression upon an audience.

Mr. D.'s mother died in Boston, April 23d, 1858. She was a lady of the old school, and possessed those traits of character that never fail to excite respect and affection. Mr. D. is at present manager of the Howard Athenæum, Boston.

In no spirit of fulsome adulation, but animated only by a sincere desire to do justice to an artist whose professional merits are as transcendant as his private virtues are rare, we call particular attention to the performances of Edward L. Davenport. He is good in *all* he undertakes; his higher tragic efforts are surpassingly fine. We believe that Hamlet, as it is the most spiritual, philosophical, pathetic and exquisite of Shakespeare's masterpieces, so it is a test of an actor's dramatic capability. He who can play Hamlet, as Shakespeare conceived it, is a *great* tragedian. Now, every man who has studied this creation of the wondrous poet, who has read and re-read, and thought *over* it, and *of* it, and *through* it, until he comprehends all or *some* of the wondrous mystery, the subtle sympathy, the unutterable pathos, the sombre world-fate, the sweet and gentle humanity, the divine poetry, which make up Hamlet, cannot witness Davenport's impersonation of the melancholy student prince without feeling in his inmost soul that here is a man who *comprehends* Hamlet, and who acts *well* because his idea is *true*. In a word, Davenport is, in our opinion, incomparably the best Hamlet in the world.

Here we saw the polished gentleman and accomplished scholar. We saw Hamlet himself, and not Mr. Davenport. He, for the time, was lost, until Hamlet's death restored him to the world. What delighted us most or all with his acting was its quiet, natural and effective character. It was most pleasingly natural and full of intensity.

The charm of a natural, manly and graceful speech upon the stage is so attractive, and so rare in its purity, that we pray Mr. Davenport to preserve it with all his might. It was most refreshing, and was rewarded with the minute attention and cordial approval of the audience. In the midst of so much that was so very good, it is not easy to particularize, but we may mention with particular favor the first interview of Hamlet with his father's ghost. We have usually had this rendered with a loud and convulsive exhibition of horror. Mr. Davenport markedly deviated from the usual plan with great effect and most excellent taste. The exclamation, "Angels and ministers of grace defend us!" he made use of in its true interjectional sense. He is then naturally silent for some time, laboring internally to overcome his amazement and find words. When at length he does speak, his voice is low, agitated, and concludes with a tender pathos at once manly and affecting. We thought it a great improvement upon anything we had seen attempted by others. Again, in the dialogue with the Queen, wherein he painted her guilt before her eyes, he spoke with a most felicitous memory of his expression, that he must be "cruel only to be kind." This interview is apt to be overdone by the actor, but Mr. Davenport "held his mirror up to nature," and so gave us an accurate picture. The soliloquies were admirably done in their proper places, and indeed, we have seldom seen a personation where we have wished so little to be altered. Our language is emphatic and strong, and so is our admiration, for, not being a professional puffer, nothing but a hearty admiration could have elicited from us the above remarks. "Honor to whom honor is due."

The facial acting of Mr. Davenport, we believe, has never been excelled; in our remembrance it has not been equalled; it was here Macready failed in some points: he had not the expressive eye, although a most wonderfully intellectual face, he looked certain domestic passions, but his eye had not that fire we sought, and it is here Mr. D. is above even the great master himself, and certainly far ahead of any competitor upon the stage. It was particularly of value, this power of expression, in the play scene where rapid transitions are required, and in this scene we have never seen Mr. Davenport equalled. Intensity and fire gave reality to it, and the great artist, warmed up with its requirements and gave it a thrilling effect we have never before seen upon the stage. It was his greatest triumph, and acting nothing else, this scene should give him a reputation. No common mind could entertain such a conception, only consummate art could give it true coloring, and such a combination in Edward L. Davenport places him truly at the head of his profession. At the head of it in merit, we are sorry to say not in fortune, but of this anon.

We could highly commend his "closet scene," but we abominate the miniatures, an absurdity which by continual derision should be driven from the stage. We have seen Retzsch's drawings, and they convey to us so great an improvement upon this miniature business that we pray for its banishment. From the language of the play, Hamlet should gaze upon a full length picture in both cases, and we raise our voice with Davies and the celebrated Dr. Armstrong against these miniatures. Mr. Davenport gave great emphasis to the speech:—

"Look here, upon this picture, and then on this," &c.,

and uncommon solemnity to the scene that follows the appearance of the Ghost.

[Next week Mr. and Mrs. Charles J. Kean and Sheridan Knowles.]

CRICKET.

ST. GEORGE VS UNITED.—A well-played match occurred between these clubs, the former of Philadelphia, the latter of Camden, N. J., at Camac's Woods, near the former city, on the 10th inst. The United went to the bat first, Maguire and Coates being their first representatives; Pratt and Mudie taking charge of the artillery for St. George, which proved effective, the former in his second "over" taking Coates' wicket for a single. Charriere followed, but was soon sent to the tent by Mudie for one only. The next man, Middleton, was not disposed of so easily, as he managed to collar the bowling for a time; and, with Maguire, increased the score considerably, until the last named lifted one up, which was caught by McBride, his score being nine. The remaining wickets did not do much for the total, excepting Middleton, whose score of seventeen comprised three, 6 twos, and two singles. The bowling of Mudie and Pratt was excellent, and was well backed up by the field. The first innings of the St. George was then speedily commenced, but the first five wickets fell for but few runs, owing principally to the good bowling of Maguire, he in one "over," performing the feat of taking two wickets with the first two balls; on the third ball a "run out" occurred, and with the fourth he took another wicket. Hurly put a stopper on that business for a time, though, and batted well for 14, made up by 5 twos and 4 singles. Nothing of importance was done after he "run out," and the innings closed for 42. In the second innings of the United, Cobb's slows teased the batsmen considerably, albeit, Middleton, Thompson and Worrall made good scores but the footing up at the close only showed one run in advance of their first innings, making a grand total of 99 runs, thus leaving 58 to be made by the St. George to win. Time did not allow of the match being finished, however, and as agreed, it was considered a draw, the score sheet standing as follows:—

UNITED

First Innings		Second Innings.	
Maguire c McBride b Mudie	9	c Patterson b Myers	2
Coats b Pratt	1	b Cobb	1
Charrierre b Mudie	1	b Cobb	2
Middleton c Wilkins b Mudie	17	c McBride b Cobb	11
Setley b Mudie	3	st Pratt b Cobb	1
Moffatt c and b Mudie	4	b Mudie	1
Thompson c Pratt b Mudie	2	l b w b Pratt	12
Worrall b Pratt	0	c Wilkins b Cobb	12
Sweeny not out	1	b Cobb	0
Ayers b Pratt	0	not out	3
Bundick absent	0	c Patterson b Cobb	0
Byes 5, wides 4, leg byes 2	11	Byes 4, wide 1	5
Total	49	Total	50

ST. GEORGE

First Innings			
Mudie run out	2	Myers b Maguire	0
Pratt b Maguire	5	Wheland b Maguire	0
McBride b Maguire	2	Patterson b Setley	1
Cobb b Maguire	0	Pattison not out	0
Young b Maguire	3	Byes 2, wides 8, leg bye 1	11
Hurly run out	14		
Wilkins b Setley	4	Total	42

In the second innings of St. George, Pratt scored (c Ayers b Maguire) 16; McBride (b Maguire) 6; Cobb (b Coats) 3; Young (not out) 4; Mudie (not out) 0. Byes 4, wides 8. Total 41.

ROCHESTER VS OSWEGO.—The cricket clubs of these two localities played a one innings match at Rochester, N. Y., on the 12th inst., in which some exceedingly good batting was exhibited, against the bowling of Hammond, Hampshire, the Tarrants and Stephenson. The two former are well known as cricketers in this section, and good ones at that, so that the deductions to be drawn are in favor of the good qualities possessed by the players of that region. The Rochester men first took the bat, and ran up a score of 137, James Tarrant contributing 37, Hammond 21, Flint 16, and Lawrence (not out) 13. The Oswego men scored 131, the chief contributors to which, were Hampshire 38, H. Stevenson 25, and B. Wright 10. The two scores for one innings were certainly good, although somewhat marred by the large proportion of extras. As will be perceived by the score, the match was an even one, the Rochester eleven winning by only six runs. The score:—

ROCHESTER.		OSWEGO.	
John Tarrant run out	2	M Holley b R Tarrant	4
G Parkinson run out	4	S Stevens c Willis b R Tarrant	3
R Willis b Hampshire	2	B Wright b R Tarrant	10
W Hammond c Comstock b H Stevenson	21	Hampshire run out	38
Jas Tarrant b H Steverson	37	W Young c Hines b Hammond	3
W Jackson c Barnes b Hampshire	3	H Stevenson run out	25
J Hines b Hampshire	0	C Barnes b Jas Tarrant	0
R Tarrant b H Steverson	5	J Steverson b R Tarrant	8
J Flint b H Stevenson	16	Comstock not out	0
W Lord b H Stevenson	7	R Lang b R Tarrant	0
G Lawrence not out	13	Weed b R Tarrant	2
Byes 15, wides 8, leg byes 4	27	Byes 21, wides 15, leg byes 2	38
Total	137	Total	131

CRICKET IN CINCINNATI.—The opening match of the Union club, of Cincinnati, Ohio, was played on the 15th inst., the sides being chosen by Messrs. Bradshaw and Hattersly. We append the score:—

BRADSHAW'S SIDE

First Innings.		Second Innings.	
Bradshaw b Harvey	7	run out	11
Coolidge c Wimson b Hattersly	0	run out	37
Piercy b Hattersly	2	b Hattersly	28
D Breckenshire c and b Hattersly	8	run out	4
Campion b Harvey	0	b Harvey	0
George c and b Harvey	2	run out	3
B Breckenshire c Williamson b Hattersly	5	c Brown b Harvey	0
Hogden run out	8	b Harvey	0
Smith not out	8	not out	3
Grey run out	12	run out	5
Calicot b Hattersly	3	b Harvey	15
Byes 9, wides 2	11	Byes	9
Total	66	Total	115

HATTERSLY'S SIDE

First Innings.		Second Innings	
Hattersly b Coolidge	69		
Byron c Brockenshire b Coolidge	10		
Harvey b Coolidge	1	b Coolidge	3
Williamson b Bradshaw	4		
Millwood b Coolidge	8		
Lewis b Coolidge	25		
Harrison run out	0	not out	3
Eliard b Coolidge	2	not out	3
Brown run out	3	run out	10
Looker not out	5	b Bradshaw	7
Baker b Coolidge	2	run out	7
Byes 3, wides 3, leg byes 3	9	Byes 5, leg byes 6	11
Total	158	Total	44

JUVENILE CRICKETERS.—Geo. Higham, Esq., who has the repute of being the best batsman in the country, takes great delight in showing the young idea how to bat and bowl; and to that end got up a match among the young cricketers who visit the cricket grounds of Hoboken, among whom were his two nephews, and Masters Sharp and Howell. It was played on the 8th inst., and the youngsters had a grand time, as had also their parents, who were present in force to witness it. A dinner was provided for both old and young, and altogether it was a great cricketing holiday. Another match of the same description is to be played on the New York grounds, on July 6th, under the auspices of the President of the New York Club, H. Balliere, Esq., when all those who like to see lads enjoy themselves will be on hand.

THE OLYMPIAN CRICKET CLUB, of Philadelphia, recently held a meeting for the purpose of organizing the club, when the following gentlemen were elected as officers: President, F. Cunnington; Secretary, A. Bloomer; Treasurer, H. Walker; Field Captain, F. McBride; Ground Committee, H. Graffen, T. Ayres, and J. Fagan. They have challenged the members of the Episcopal Academy and Mrs. Faire's school to a match game of cricket.

BALL PLAY.

ACTIVE VS. ROSE HILL.—Quite a lively and interesting game was had between these clubs on the 13th inst., on the grounds of the Rose Hill club, at Fordham, the result being a victory for the Actives. Both parties showed some very good play occasionally. On the part of the Actives, Van Nest and Ebbetts made home runs, and Schack and Walker made some very good play in fielding. On the part of Rose Hill, Samory made a home run, and Gaynor and Murphy distinguished themselves in fielding. At the close of the game both parties were treated to a handsome collation in the dining hall of St. John's college. The score is as follows:—

ROSE HILL.			ACTIVE		
NAMES.	H.	L. RUNS.	NAMES.	H.	L. RUNS.
Samory, c	3	2	Van Nest, r f	2	6
Gaynor, p	3	4	Rogers, 1st b	3	3
Dougherty, 2d b	5	1	Ebbetts, 2d base	3	5
Murphy, 3d b	2	4	Amory, l f	4	4
Gallagher, c f	2	3	Simonson, p	4	4
Flannelly, s s	3	3	Schack, s s	2	5
Olwell, l f	4	2	Saunders, c	4	3
Brownson, 1st b	2	4	Decker, 3d b	3	4
S Murphy, r f	3	3	Walker, c f	2	6
Total	26		Total	40	

Umpire, Wm. H. McCarty, of the Mystic club.
Scorers, Messrs. Van Dyck and Amory.

BASE BALL AT LYNN, MASS.—A base ball club has been organized at Lynn, Mass., to play under the rules and regulations of the Massachusetts Association. The following are its officers:—President, S. A. Widger; Vice President, J. F. Lamphier; Secretary, W. F. Nalley; Treasurer, J. H. Parker; Directors, Messrs. Goldsmith, Sargent and Parrott. It is to be known as the "Ellsworth Base Ball Club."

THE GAME OF CHESS.

ENIGMA No. 282.

From Bell's Life—Old Series.

BY E. CLARE.

at Q B 3, K R 3, K Kt 7, K R 4, Q B 7, Q 2, Q 4, Q R 4th.

at his 5, Q 2, Q R 2, K 3, Q B 3, Q 3, Q R 4th.

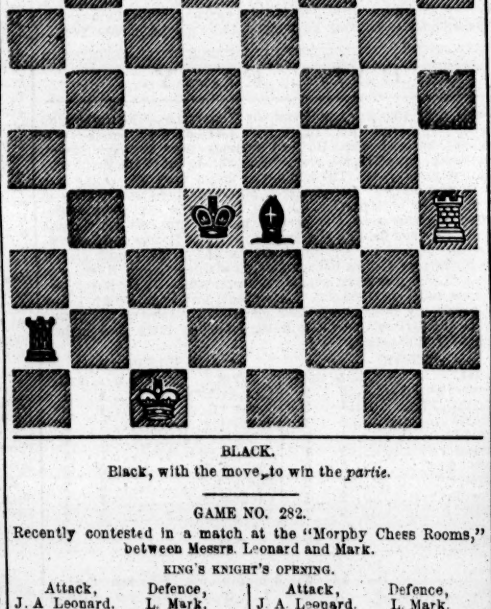
White to play and give mate in six moves.

PROBLEM No. 282.

A Good Lesson for Beginners.

BY C. P. C.

WHITE.



BLACK.

Black, with the move, to win the *partie*.

GAME NO. 282.

Recently contested in a match at the "Morphy Chess Rooms," between Messrs. Leonard and Mark.

KING'S KNIGHT'S OPENING.

Attack, J. A. Leonard.	Defence, L. Mark.	Attack, J. A. Leonard.	Defence, L. Mark.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	18..Kt 2d P x P	P to K B 4
2..K Kt-B 3	Q Kt-B 3	19..P-Q Kt 4	Kt-K 6 3
3..K B-B 4	P-K R 3	20..Kt-Q B 3	P-Q R 3
4..P-Q 4	K P x P	21..K R-K sq +	Q B-K 5
5..Castles	P-Q 3	22..B-Q Kt 2	K R-B sq
6..K Kt x P	Q Kt-K 4	23..P-Q Kt 5	K-Q 2
7..K B-Kt 3	P-Q B 4	24..Kt-Q R 4	Kt-Q 4
8..P-K B 4	Q Kt-B 3	25..P-B 6 +	Kt P x P
9..Q-K R 5	P-K Kt 3	26..Kt-B 5 +	K x Q P
10..Q-her 5	Q-her B 2 (a)	27..B-Q R 3 (d)	K R-K sq
11..Kt-Q Kt 5	Q-her 2	28..Kt x B + +	K-Q 2
12..P-K 5	Q Kt-his 5 (b)	29..Kt P x P +	K x B P
13..Kt x Q P +	K B x Kt	30..Q R-B sq +	K-Kt 3
14..Q x K B	Q x Q	31..B-his 5 +	K-Q B 2
15..K P x Q	Q B-K 3	32..B-R 7 dis +	K-Kt 2
16..P-Q R 3	Q B x B (c)	33..Kt-Q 6 +	K x Q 3
17..R P x Kt	B x B P	34..Kt x K R	Kt x B P, and
		the Attack gives mate in five moves.	

NOTES, by our contributor, J. A. L.

(a) This is losing time. Q to her 2d, immediately, would have been far preferable.

(b) Had he played 12..P x P, then would have followed:—

12..	P x P	14..B x Q, and Defence cannot avoid loss of some kind.	
13..P x P	Q x Q		

(c) To retreat would have been better than this capture.

(d) He must now lose a clear piece.

A spirited game between Herren Kolisch and Andersen.—*Field.*

ALLGAIER GAMBIT.

Herr Kolisch.	Herr Anderssen.	Herr Kolisch.	Herr Anderssen.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	14..P to K B 4	Q to K Kt 2
2..P-K B 4	K P x P	15..P-K 5	Q B-B 4
3..K Kt-B 3	P-K Kt 4	16..Q Kt-his 5 (h)	Q Kt-R 3
4..P-K R 4	P-K Kt 5	17..K P x P	Castles, Q R
5..K Kt-K 5 (e)	P-K R 4	18..K Kt-K 5	B P x P
6..K B-B 4	K R-his 2	19..K Kt x P	Q R-K sq +
7..P-Q 4 (f)	P-K B 6	20..K-Q 2	K-Q Kt sq
8..Kt P x P	P-Q 3	21..K Kt x P	Q R-K B sq
9..K Kt-Q 3	K B-K 2	22..Q-K 2 (i)	Q B-Kt 3
10..Q B-K 3	B x R P +	23..Q R-K sq	Q Kt-his 5 (j)
11..K-Q 2	B-K Kt 4	24..P-K B 5	Q-K R 3 +
12..Q Kt-B 3 (g)	K B x B +	25..K-Q B 3, and Herr Anderssen resigned.	
13..K x K B	Q-Kt 4 +		

(e) We acknowledge it to be but propagating a vulgar error to call this variation of the Attack an "Allgaier."

(f) A brilliant but unsound Attack, and one not to be tried on Herr A., is now to be got by giving the two minor pieces for R and B P.

(g) It were better play to push the P upon the adverse B.

(h) An excellent move.

(i) Threatening to capture B, and then mate at K's 8th.

(j) The Defence has a bad game; but Q to K B 3d looks much more promising than this.

CHEQUERS OR DRAUGHTS.

THE AMERICAN DRAUGHT PLAYER—THE SECOND EDITION NOW READY.—We take pleasure in announcing that a corrected edition of the above named work is in the market. In the first edition there were a few typographical errors, which have been carefully revised in the second. Our former opinion of the work remains unchanged. We still regard it as the most instructive, voluminous, and useful treatise ever published. Price $2, post paid to all parts of the U. S. ☞ Copies mailed on receipt of price. Address FRANK QUEEN, Editor N. Y. CLIPPER, No. 29 Ann street, New York.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

O. T. S., Williamsburgh, N. Y.—O. K. See remarks in last week's issue regarding the "draw." Thanks for position. If you have any good games on hand please "send 'em in."

W. S. KNIGHT.—Friend Knight we regret to be obliged to announce that the opponent of Mary E. M., is not to be heard from. We stated the fact to her last week and offered to procure another "champion" to take up the game. You will much oblige us by "playing it out." What say you? We will find out who *did* send the "posish" or "any other man."

MARY E. M., Winooski Falls, Vt.—See our request to Mr. Knight above. Oh these fickle men!

C. M. W., Peterboro', N. H.—Did you compose the position publish ed last week? We gave Mr. Knight as the author, but he says no. What say you? The book will be forwarded this week. The fact is that we have not been able to get down town since receiving your order.

"MACK," Newark, N. J.—Thanks for position. On file for examination.

GAME No. 11.—VOL. IX.

From the American Draught Player.

IRREGULAR—BY J. D. JANVIER.

Black.	White.	Black.	White.
1..11 to 15	22 to 17	9.. 1 to 16	21 to 14
2.. 8 11	25 22	10.. 6 9(5)	27 24(6)
3.. 9 13	23 18(1)	11.. 3 8	32 27(7)
4..12 16	17 14	12.. 8 12	30 25(8)
5..10 17	21 14	13..12 16	25 21
6..16 19	24 20	14.. 2 6	22 17
7.. 6 10(2)	29 25(3)	15..15 22(9)	24 8
8..10 17	25 21(4)	16.. 4 11	26 23,10
Drawn.			

(1)

3..	29 25	9.. 6 9	26 23
4..15 18	23 14	10..11 15	18 11
5..11 15	24 19	11.. 9 27	32 23
6..15 24	28 19	12.. 7 16	30 26
7.. 4 8	27 23	13.. 5 9	31 27
8.. 8 11	23 18	W wins.	

(2)

7.. 6 9	27 23	14..15 18	22 15
8.. 1 6	23 16	15..11 27	32 23
9.. 6 10	29 25	16.. 8 11	23 19
10..10 17	25 21	17.. 7 10	14 7
11.. 9 14	18 9	18.. 2 11	30 25
12.. 5 14	31 27	19.. 3 8	26 23
13.. 4 8	27 23	B wins.	

(3)

7..	30 25	14.. 7 23	27 18
8..10 17	25 21	15.. 3 7	28 24
9.. 1 6	21 14	16.. 7 10	24 19
10.. 6 10	29 25	17.. 4 8	19 16
11..10 17	25 21	18..10 14	16 7
12..19 23	26 10	19.. 2 11	18 9
13..17 26	31 22	20.. 5 14	B wins

(4)

8..	20 16	14..13 17	8 12
9..11 20	18 11	15..18 15	6 9
10.. 7 16	25 21	16..15 11	9 18
11.. 1 6	21 14	17..11 2	19 24
12.. 4 8	22 18	18..23 14	17 21
13.. 2 7	27 23	19..28 19	16 32
B wins.			

(5)

10.. 6 10	27 23	14.. 6 9	28 24
11..10 17	23 16	15.. 4 8	16 12
12.. 2 6	32 27	16.. 9 14	18 9
13..17 21	27 23	17.. 5 14	23 18
W wins.			

(6)

10..	27 23	13.. 9 25	30 21
11..11 16	20 11	14.. 3 8	B wins.
12.. 7 16	18 11		

(7)

11..	20 16	14.. 9 25	30 21
12..11 27	32 16	15..12 19	B wins.
13.. 8 12	18 11		

(8)

12..	27 23	15.. 9 27	20 11
13..12 16	22 17	16.. 7 16	31 24
14..18 11	24 8	17..22 31	B wins.

(9)

15..13 22	26 17	18.. 6 15	31 26
16..15 22	24 8	19..22 31	17 13
17.. 4 11	14 10	W wins.	

(10)

16..	14 10	19..13 22	24 19
17.. 6 15	27 24	20..15 24	28 12
18..22 25	26 23	21.. 7 10	B wins.

SOLUTIONS

Of Mr. Knight's positions reserved till next week.

SOLUTION OF STURGES' 29th POSITION.

White.	Black.
1..30 to 25	21 to 30
2.. 8 11 and wins.	

Very neat.

POSITION No. 11.—VOL. IX.

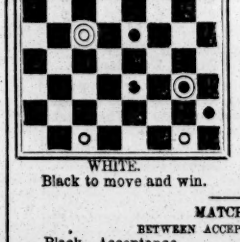
END-GAME.

BY O. T. S.

Dedicated to Mr. B. Hines.

THE 30th POSITION OF STURGES.

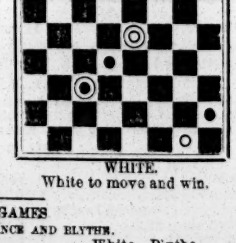
BLACK.



WHITE.

Black to move and win.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to move and win.

MATCH GAMES

BETWEEN ACCEPTANCE AND BLYTHE.

Black—Acceptance.		White—Blythe.	
5.. 8	11	17	13
6.. 9	14		

BETWEEN MARY E. M. AND J. A. J.

Black.—Mary.		White.—J. A. J.	
4.. 4	8	24	20
5..12	16		

BETWEEN O. T. S. AND WM. S. KNIGHT.

Black.—O. T. S.		White.—W. S. K.	
11.. 7	16	31	15
12..16	20		

EVENING RAMBLE SKETCHES.

NUMBER THREE

A VISIT TO TOM PRENDERGAST'S "OFFICE."

OUR present state of enthusiasm touching everything appertaining to the war question has brought into prominent notice many lion-hearted heroes who have left all the luxuries and comforts of a happy home, a loving wife, and darling children, for the hard routine of camp life and camp fare. In every profession and craft we miss scores of familiar faces, and the fact that every body has experienced this, goes far enough to satisfy skeptics of the respectability and honesty of the brave fellows already gone. We have bigoted fanatics who rail at the war and our soldiers, but they are very few. A few even of the regulars have turned black sheep, and, fairly shaking in their boots, pay enormous fees to get a surgeon to pronounce them unfit for service. We know of one case, an officer always around on processions and holiday occasions and the instance is quite sufficient to prove that such men must sooner or later bring disgrace on their company by individual cowardice, and are therefore better at home. This Faintheart at first professed a horror of fighting against brothers, but it wouldn't wash, as the aforesaid "brothers" were ravenous for our blood long, long ago, while we have conceded everything to avoid a collision; he then discovered suddenly he was very sick, the affected part being the heart; and by paying a good round sum, he got a doctor's certificate of ill-health; but, strange to relate, he has not lost three day's work on account of sickness in ten years to our own knowledge, and it may be twenty or thirty for what we know. In the language of Holy Writ, "'twere better for such a man to put a millstone about his neck and leap into the sea" than suffer the pangs that haunt such a conscience.

Turn we to a pleasanter theme. A few evenings since, having no particular business on hand, and the weather being delightfully cool, we took a trot from "Tattersall's," Sixth avenue and Thirty-ninth street, for the purpose of hunting up Tom Prendergast's hotel, although in blissful ignorance of anything about it, except that Brooklyn was the lucky village—more than this, was to us "all Greek." When Tom kept house in Broome street—alongside that old headquarters of first-class sports, the Dexter House, now closed and gone the way of the Abbey, Stanwix Hall, Old Tree House, Comet, Branch, Poole's place in

Howard street, Morrissey's in Duane, Sullivan's in Centre and Chatham, Johnny Lyng's in Canal, etc., never to be replaced—we never passed his threshold without paying a visit and touching glasses over a prime glass of sherry, and topping off with a genuine Havana. There you were sure of a glimpse of some of the Bryant Brothers, and most generally the trio, Jerry, Dan, and Neil were there; but strange things have happened since then: in vain we look for poor Jerry; we call his name, and listen, but no answer, for the cold clods shut off what was once the spirit of mirth, and the type of many virtues. Hark! don't you hear it? a mournful sound of swaying branches and rustling leaves is all that greets the ear, a fit requiem in the midnight hours to bring the stoutest heart to a sense of never-ending immortality! Jerry's loss is not only confined to relatives; it is universal, and Prendergast, as a boon companion, has felt it more keenly than the outside world will ever be aware of. All these thoughts occur as we are stemming the tide towards the City of Churches, and as soon as Beecherville is reached, inquiries are made of a hack-driver as to Prendy's house, who simply bawl's "ride, sir; carriage, sir;" then a bar-man is asked, and for Prendy he hands over a brandy-bottle, from which we take "three fingers," and chuck out a dime, without getting any information from him; a newsvender is next tried, and he says:—"Yes, here's the full account; capture of Alexandria; Prendergast the first to land; it's the same you mean, sir, and I've only one copy of the *Post* left; fold it up?" Of course we bought it, and giving up all idea of getting information near the ferry, we strolled along till the City Hall was in sight, being too much "moythered" to heed the jostling and quizzing of the Fulton street belles as they sailed past, sweeping up the dirt with their fashionable silks, lawns, and organdies. Fetching up at Myrtle avenue, led us again to make inquiries, and this time with better success. "Do *I* know Prendy's house? If I didn't my associates would take me for a regular flat. Just turn down a couple of streets, and in the centre of the block, before you come to Adams street, is where Tom keeps; you'll see his name on the lamp in front, and right up them stairs is just the prettiest bar-room in Brooklyn." Plain enough for a blind man, and up "them stairs" we pointed, to take our first glimpse of the popular vocalist's headquarters when at home. First ordering a mug of Burton ale to clear the eyes and stir up the brain, we cast our eye around and took in the different pictures on the walls, as objects of interest, and well worth anybody's while to make a pilgrimage to see. The "Office" is on the English club-house system, a private floor with sliding doors and a bar in the hall; on different tables are all kinds of daily and illustrated papers, and, as it happened, we squatted at one of these, with *Harpers' Weekly* of a recent date, containing a portrait of Russell, the correspondent of the *London Times*, who was made such a fuss about while in this city, and even toasted at anniversaries of Irish patriots by intelligent and learned exiles—his letters as written from the South have caused many a bitter regret that so unworthy a calumniator should have been honored as he was while here. Any one not seeing the name would consider the picture to be a first-rate likeness of Lieut. Prendergast, and many go as far as to say that it is him, on account of an altogether different cut of the same man, appearing in another illustrated paper; but, however much resemblance in feature, at heart there is as much difference between the two as black and white. The first picture that attracts attention is the Great International Fight between Heenan and Sayers, situated on the left as you enter; adjoining this, on the door, is found the War Bulletin, with Tom's letters to his partner, Jack Lowry, giving all transpiring of interest about the 71st American Guard, and specimens of the numerous caricatures of the day; alongside the bar, a lithograph of Colonel Ellsworth, a photograph of Sayers in private dress, with that wonderful belt and cups, and counterfeit presentments of several old style negro minstrels, with a monster life-size portrait of Mons. Berger, of cue rious notoriety; over the bar are oil-paintings of pilot boats 17 and 14, but too high up to distinguish their names; these are relieved by a fast trotter, "Kate," coming in on the home-stretch; under Kate we find a bloody envelope, a letter, plume, and a piece of red flannel—the letter was taken from Ellsworth's murderer, and the address reads as follows: "James Jackson, Marshall House, Alexandria"—the flannel proved to be a piece of the martyr's shirt, and the plume came from a rebel's hat—to these, fresh curiosities are added every week, and until the war is over people will continue to flock here to examine these interesting trophies. Crossing the room, that brilliant tinted print of "True Patriotism" has a conspicuous position; then comes a fine colored photograph of the Lieutenant himself, all out in his regimentals; in juxtaposition are distinguished Americans, (engraving,) George and Martha Washington, (oil paintings,) a scroll concerning the Atlantic Base Ball Club, Engineers of the Fire Department, and the new Houses of Parliament in London. In another room are "more too," and just to our taste, viz: Tom Sayers, Jem Ward, Nat Langham, and Dan Bryant. The three first read, "To his friend, Dan Bryant," presented to Dan, on his going to London, about the time of the great fight, "for the benefit of his health." (?) The last is a present from Dan to the Lieutenant. Opposite these is an oil painting of a noted actor as Rolla, in the act of rushing over the bridge with a "childer" upraised in his right hand; in proximity, a fine print of a young patriot defending an aged father against Indians, called "Wyoming," and a very fair representation of "The Falls." All the numerous smaller objects we cannot recall, but have given a synopsis of what is to be seen in Lieutenant Prendergast's "Office" in Brooklyn, the hero of Acquia Creek, and for many years the leading ballad singer of New York. We did hope to grasp him by the hand, but that very morning he took his departure back to the battle-field, to defend our glorious banner against the rattlesnake and Palmetto of the Southern Pedestrians, (for they've done nothing yet to entitle them to be called fighting men.) Who of his warmest friends a year ago could prophesy such a career as is opened for the spruce, good looking, well-attired balladist of Bryants' Minstrels? Did Tom ever dream of such a thing when he first joined the American Guard? We rather guess not, and for the noble and daring bravery he showed, first in heartily volunteering, and second in being one of the first to distinguish himself in the enemy's country, all honor should be awarded. His recent glorious reception in the scene of his former triumphs, Mechanics' Hall, and his being the recipient of a solid testimonial for good conduct in the shape of a massive gold medal—are they not literally engraved on the hearts of all his countrymen?

OBSTINACY OF THE SEA-HORSE.—The walrus is an obstinate animal, and does not fly on the approach of man; on the contrary, forming themselves into a body, they go and meet him, and resist any attempt on his part to proceed. When a company of travellers meet these animals on the shore, they are forced to fight their way through them; and if the walruses are pelted with stones, they gnaw them with their teeth, but afterwards attack the men with redoubled fury, rending the air with the most tremendous growling. These animals seem to be fully aware of the effect of united resistance and attack, and also of the utility of keeping in masses and ranks, for, should any of them attempt to retreat, those in his rear fall upon, and compel him to keep in the ranks, or kill him. Sometimes it happens that when one walrus attempts to stop another who is retreating, they all begin to suspect each other of being inclined to fly; and in that case, the contest becomes universal. When two are fighting one, the others come to the aid of the weaker side. While they are thus fighting on the land, others in the water raise their heads, and look on for a time, till they also become enraged, swim to shore, and join in the combat.

WE SLEEP TOO LITTLE.

On this subject Dr. J. C. Jackson, celebrated as a water cure practitioner in Western New York, says:—

As a habit and fashion with our people, we sleep too little. It is admitted by all those who are competent to speak on the subject, that the people of the United States, from day to day, not only do not get sufficient sleep, but they do not get sufficient rest. By the preponderance of the nervous over the vital temperament, they need the recuperating benefits which sleep can offer during each night as it passes. A far better rule would be to get at least eight hours sleep, and, including sleep, ten hours of incumbent rest. It is a sad mistake that some make, who suppose themselves qualified to speak on the subject, in affirming that persons of a highly wrought nervous temperament need—as compared with those of a more lymphatic, or stolid organization—less sleep. The truth is, that where power is expended with great rapidity, by a constitutional law, it is regathered slowly; the reaction after a while demanding much more time for the gathering up of new force, than the direct effort demands in expending that force.

Thus a man of the nervous temperament, after he has established a habit of overdoing, recovers from the effect of such overaction much more slowly than a man of different temperament would, if the balance between his power to do and his power to rest is destroyed. As between the nervous and the lymphatic temperaments, therefore, where excess of work is demanded, it will always be seen that, at the close of the day's labor, whether it has been of muscle or thought, the man of nervous temperament, who is tired, finds it difficult to fall asleep, sleeps perturbably, wakes up excitedly, and is more apt than otherwise to resort to stimulants to place himself in a condition of pleasurable activity. While the man of lymphatic temperament, when tired, falls asleep, sleeps soundly and uninterruptedly, and wakes up in the morning a new man. The facts are against the theory that nervous temperaments recuperate quickly from the fatigues to which their possessors are subjected. Three-fourths of our drunkards are from the ranks of men of nervous temperament. Almost all opium-eaters in our country—and their name is legion—are persons of the nervous or nervous-sanguine temperaments. Almost all the men in the country who become the victims of narcotic drug medicine, are of the nervous or nervous-sanguine temperaments.

Dr. Correll of Philadelphia in the Educator, gives the following opinion corroborative of the above as an explanation of the frequency of insanity. He says:—

The most frequent and immediate cause of insanity, and one of the most important to guard against is the want of sleep. Indeed, so rarely do we see a recent case of insanity that is not preceded by want of sleep, that it is regarded as almost a sure precursor of mental derangement. Notwithstanding strong hereditary predisposition, if they sleep well they will not become insane. No advice is so good, therefore, to those who have recovered from an attack or to those who are in delicate health, as that of securing, by all means, sound, regular and refreshing sleep.

"And," says Dr. Spicer, "there is no fact more clearly established in the physiology of man than this, that the brain expands its energies and itself during the hours of wakefulness and that these are recuperated during sleep; if the recuperation does not equal the expenditure, the brain withers—this is insanity. Thus it is that, in early English history, persons who were condemned to death by being prevented from sleeping, always died raving maniacs; thus it is also, that those who starve to death become insane; the brain is not nourished, and they cannot sleep.

THE MEMORABLE VOYAGE OF THE "POLLY ANN."

A STORY OF THE TEMPESTUOUS CANAL.

BY ARTEMUS WARD.

In overhaulin one of my old trunks the tother day, I found the follerin jernal of a vyage on the starnch canawl bote "Polly Ann," which happened to the subscriber when I was a yung man (in the Brite Lexington of yooth, when thar aint no sich word as fale), on the Wabash Canawl:—

Mondy, 2 P. M.—Gut under wa. Hosses not remarkably frisky at fust. Had to bild fires under em before theyd start. Startid at larst very suddent, causin the bote to lurch vilently, and knockin me orf from my pins. (Saler frase.) Several passenjers on bored. Parst threu deliteful country. Honist farmers was to work sowin corn, and other projuce in the fields. Surblime seenery. Large red heded gal reclinin on the banks of the canawl, bathin her feet.

Turned in at 15 minits parst eleving.

Toosday—Riz at 5 an went up on the poop deck. Took a groan person's dose of licker with a member of the Injiany legislater, which he urbanely insisted on allowin me to pay for. Bote tearin threu the briny waters at the rate of 2 Nots a hour, when the boy on the leadin hoss shoutid:—

"Sale hoe!"

"Whar away?" hollered the capting, clearin his glass (a emty black bottle, with the bottum nockt out) and bringin it to his eagle eye.

"Bout fore rods to the starbud!" screamed the boy. "Jes so," screeched the capting. "What wessel's that air?"

"The Kickin Warier, of Terry Hawt, and be darned to you."

"I, I sir!" hollered our capting. "Reef your arft hoss, splice your main jib boom, and hail your chambermaid. What's up in Terry Hawt?"

"You know Bill Spikes?" sed the capting of the "Warier."

"Wall, I reckin. He kin eat more fride pork nor any man of his heft on the Wabash. He's a ornament to his sex."

"Wall," continued the capting of the "Kickin Warier," "Wilyim got a little owly the tother day, and got to prancin around town on that old white mare of hisin, and bein in a playful mood, he rid up in front of the Court-'us whar old Judge Perkins was a holdin court, and let drive his rifle at him. The bullet didn't hit the judge at all; it only jes whizzed parst his left ear, lodgin in the wall behind him; but what d'ye spose the old despot did? Why, he actooally fined Bill ten dollers for contempt of court. What do you think of that?" axed the capting of the "Warier," as he parst a long black bottle over to our capting.

"The country is indeed in danger," sed our capting, raisin the bottle tu his lips. The vessels parted. No other incidents that day. Retired to my chased couch at 5 minits parst 10.

Wensdy—Riz arly. Wind blowin N. W. E. Hevy sea on and ship rollin wildly in consekents of pepper corn havin been fastened to the forrerd hoss' tail. "Heave two!" rored the capting to the man at the rudder, as the "Polly" give a friteful toss. I was sick, an sorry I'd cum. "Heave two!" repeated the capting. I went below. "Heave two!" I hearn him holler agin, and stickin my hed out of the cabin winder, I "hev."

The hosses becum docile eventooally, and I felt better. The sun bust out in all his splender, disregardless of expense, and lively Natur put in her best licks. We parst the beautiful village of Limy, which lookt sweet indeed, with its neat white cottages, institoots of larnin and other evijences of civilizashun, incloodin a party of baldhedded cullered men who was playin 3 card monty on the stoop of the Red Eagle Tarvern. All, all was food for my 2 poetic sole. I went below to breakfast, but vittles had lost their charms. "Take sum of this," said the capting, shovin a bottle tords my plate, "It's whiskey. A few quarts allers sets me right when my stummick gits out of order. It's a excellent tonic." I declined the seductive flooid.

Thursdy—Didn't rest well last night on account of a uprore made by the capting, who stopped the bote to go ashore and smash in the winders of a grosery. He was bro't back in about a hour, with his hed dun up in a red hankercher, his eyes bein swelled up orful, and his nose very much out of jint. He was bro't back in a shutter by his crue and deposited on the cabin floor. The parsingers all risin up in their births, pushin the red curtins aside and lookin out to see what the matter was.

"Why do you allow your pashuns to run away with you in this onseamly stile, my misgided frend?" sed a sollum lookin man in a red flannel nite cap. "Why do you sink yourself to the beests of the feeld?"

"Wall, the fack is," said the capting, risin hisself on the shutter, "I've bin a little prejoodiced agin that grosery for sum time. But I made it lively for the boys, Deacon! bet yer life!" He larfed a short, wild larf, and called for his jug. Sippin a few pints, he smiled gently upon the passingers, sed "Bless you! bless you, and fell into a sweet sleep.

Eventooally we reached our jerny's end. This was in the days of Old Long Sign, be4 the iron hoss was foaled. This was be4 steembotes was goin round bustin their bilers & sendin peple higher nor a kite. Them was happy days when peple was intelligent & wax figgers & livin wild beasts wasn't scoffed at.

"Oh dase of me boyhood,
I'm dreemin on ye now."

A SOLDIER'S EMOTION IN BATTLE.

Our citizen soldiers inexperienced in the battle-field will find the most terrible moments just before the combat begins. A soldier in his narration of personal adventures in the Mexican war, published in "Howe's Achievements of Americans," gives some interesting items on this head in his description of the battle of Palo Alto, the opening battle of the war.

When all was ready, both armies stood still for about twenty minutes, each waiting for the other to begin the work of death, and during this time I did not see a single man of the enemy move; they stood like statues.

We remained quiet with two exceptions. Gen. Taylor, followed by his staff, rode from left to right at a slow pace, with his leg thrown over like a woman, and as he passed each regiment he spoke words of encouragement. I know not what he said to the others, but when he came up to where we stood he looked steadily at us: I suppose to see what effect the novel circumstances in which we were placed had upon us and as he gazed, he said: "*The bayonet, my hardy cocks! the bayonet is the thing!*" The other occasion was that of Lieut. Blake, of the Engineers, who volunteered to gallop along the enemy's line, in front of both armies, and count their guns; and so close did he go that he might have been shot a hundred times. One of the officers of the enemy, doubtless thinking that he had some communication to make, rode out to meet him; Blake, however, paid no attention to him, but rode on, and then returned and reported to Taylor.

Thus stood those two belligerent armies, face to face. What were the feelings of those thousands! How many thoughts and fears were crowded into those few moments! Look at our men! a clammy sweat is settled all over faces slightly pale, not from cowardly fear, but from an awful sense of peril, combined with a determination not to flinch from *duty*. These are the moments in which true soldiers resign themselves to their fate, and console themselves that whatever may befall them they will act with *honor*; these are the moments when the absolute coward suffers more than death—when, if not certain he would be shot in his tracks, he would turn and flee. Fighting is very hard work; the man who has passed through a two hours' fight, has lived through a great amount of mental and physical labor. At the end of a battle I always found that I had perspired so profusely as to wet through all my thick woolen clothing, and when I had got cool, I felt as sore as if I had been beaten all over with a club. When the battle commences the feelings undergo a change. Reader, did you ever see your house on fire? if so, it was then you rushed into great danger; it was then you went over places, climbed over walls, lifted heavy loads, which you never could have done in your cooler moments; you then have experienced some of the excitement of a soldier in battle. I always knew my danger—that at any moment I was liable to be killed, yet such was my excitement that I never fully realised it. All men are not alike; some are cool; some are perfectly wild or crazy; others are so prostrated with fear that they are completely unnerved—an awful sinking and relaxation of their energies takes place, awful to behold; they tremble like an aspen, slink into ditches and covert places, cry like children, and are totally insensible to shame—dead to every emotion but the overwhelming fear of instant death. We had a few, and but a few, of such in our army.

As the two armies were facing each other, it was remarkable to see the coolness of our men; there they stood, chewing bits of biscuit, and talking about the Mexicans—some wondering if they would fight; others allowing that they would, and like demons, etc. I kept my eye on the artillery of the enemy, and happened to be looking toward their right wing, when suddenly a white curl of smoke sprang up there from one of their guns, and then I saw the dust fly some distance in front, where the ball had struck. Instantly another, and then another rich curl arose, succeeded by a booming sound, and the shot came crashing towards us. The enemy fired very rapidly, and their balls knocked the dust about us in all directions—some went over our heads, others struck the ground in front and bounded away.

Our batteries now went to work, and poured in upon them a perfect storm of iron; Lieut. Churchill and his men began with their eighteen pounders, and when the first shot was fired, it made such a loud report that our men gave a spontaneous shout, which seemed to inspire us with renewed confidence. I could hear every word that the Lieutenant said to his men. When the first shot was fired he watched the ball, saying: "Too high, men; try another!"—"too low, men; try again—the third time is the charm!" The third shot was fired, and I saw with my own eyes the dreadful effect of that and the following shots. "That's it, my boys!" shouted Churchill, jumping up about two feet; "you have them now; keep at that;" and so they did, and every shot tore complete lanes through the enemy's lines; but they stood it manfully. The full chorus of battle now raged; twenty-three pieces of artillery belched forth their iron hail.

We were ordered to lie down in the grass to avoid the shot; this puzzled the enemy, and they could not bring their guns to bear upon us, making our loss very small. Many were the narrow escapes; one ball came within six inches of my left side. The force of the shot was tremendous; a horse's body was no obstacle at all; a man's leg was a mere pipe stem. I watched the shot as it struck the roots of the grass, and it was astonishing how the dust flew. In about an hour the grass caught on fire, and the clouds of smoke shut out the opposing armies from view. We had not as yet lost a man from our regiment. In the obscurity the enemy changed their line, and the eighteen pounders, supported by our regiment, took a new position on a little rise of ground. As we moved on to the spot, a six pound shot carried away the lower jaw of Capt. Page, and then took off a man's head on the right, as clean as with a knife. The blood of poor Page was the first blood I saw; he was knocked down in the grass, and as he endeavored to raise himself, he presented such a ghastly spectacle that a sickly, fainting sensation came over me, and the memory of all that night I shall carry with me to my dying day. A little later, Major Ringgold was mortally wounded at his battery; I saw him just after it. The shot had torn away a portion of the flesh of his thighs; its force was tremendous, cutting off both his pistols at the locks, and also the withers of his horse—a splendid steed, which was killed to relieve him of his misery. The enemy tried hard, but without avail, to hit our eighteen pounders. The battle continued until night put an end to the scene. We bivouacked where we were, and laid on our arms; we slept, however, but little, thinking we might be attacked in our sleep.

The enemy had been very severely handled, owing to the superiority of our artillery. The gunners went into it more like butchers than military men; each stripped off his coat, rolled up his sleeves, and tied his suspenders around his waist; they all wore red flannel shirts, and, therefore, were in uniform. To see them limbering and unlimbering, firing a few shots, then dashing through the smoke, and then to fire again with lightning-like rapidity, partly hid from view by dense clouds of smoke and dust, with their dark red shirts and naked arms, yelling at every shot they made, reminded me of a band of demons rather than men.

THE RING IN BY-GONE DAYS,

BEING A RECORD OF

WELL-FOUGHT BATTLES,

NOW FIRST RE-PUBLISHED IN THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

NUMBER THIRTY-TWO.

Battle between Larkins, the Irish Wrestler, and Dave Hudson.

The Streatham Youth, always anxious to raise the character of Ould Ireland, introduced Paddy Larkins to the English boxers, as a good, but an untried man; and Neal, without any hesitation, made a match for £25 a side, with the John Bull Fighter, who backed his brother, Dav. Hudson, against the New Grecian. On Tuesday, the 8th of May, 1827, the match was decided. The road to Bulpham Fern, in Essex, was rather gay, considering it was a minor battle: not with Swells, it is true, but with the old ring-goers, who are always anxious to witness every *debut* in the P. R., and exercise their trotters. Two-and-twenty miles was rather a long pull; but most of the lads got over the ground like winking: and a sort of snug party from the metropolis surrounded the ropes; but the yokels were four and five to one in comparison with the sporting folks. Larkins was brought forward under the patronage of Ned Neal; and Dav was supported by his brother, Josh. Hudson, anxious to give him another turn. Larkins was decidedly the favorite at 6 to 4, and 2 and 3 to 1. At one o'clock, Dav. threw his hat into the ring, followed by Jem Ward and Tom Oliver; and soon afterwards Larkins, attended by Neal and Bryan.

Round 1. The Grecian, on peeling, looked formidable, and calculated to administer great punishment. Davy was not in trim, but perhaps, for a stale one, he was "patched up" as well as possible. Contrary to expectation, neither of the combatants appeared in a hurry to go to work; at length the Grecian made an attempt to strike a heavy blow, but Davy retreated. Larkins planted a hit with his right hand on the arm of Davy; when the Grecian rushed in and caught his opponent round the neck; the superior strength of the former enabled him to hold Davy as tight as if he had been in a vice, and fibbed him severely, until Davy fell upon his knees. [Loud shouting from the Patlanders, and two to one. "First blood," my darling, only think of the claret!]

2 This was a short round. Davy, who was the best fighter in point of science, snorted the gentleman from the Land of Potatoes, who sniffed again, as much as to say, "By de powers I don't thank you for that, at all, at all!" The Grecian, in order to make "trick and tie," with his opponent, put his best foot foremost, and pursued him; but Davy, in order to get out of trouble, slipped down.

3. Davy, in this early state of the mill, was as puffy as a bladder half filled; and it was evident he had no chance; yet he made himself up to do summut, and planted a facer. In closing, after a sharp struggle for the throw, Davy went down, and Paddy did not fall lightly upon him. 3 to 1.

4. The Grecian bolted in, to "tip it" to Davy; but the latter fought with him, until he received a heavy one, which sent Davy down. "An elegant bit, by J——," exclaimed one of his friends, "you couldn't have served a bullock worse, Mr Larkins." 4 to 1

5. "You have come a long way, my Grecian," said Ned Neal, "and I hope you will be after showing us a little what you can do!" Davy got away from heavy blows; but the Grecian caught hold of him—did some mischief in fibbing, but Davy experienced a heavy fall.

6. Davy planted a conker, and the claret was now visible upon the face of Larkins. The latter, in closing, seemed a little distressed: both down.

7. The blows of Davy, although well directed and repeated, were not weighty enough to resist or keep back the Grecian. Davy's face was bleeding profusely from a rum smack or two he napped in this round. Both down, but Davy undermost.

8. Paddy's listener received a tidy one; but he was not behind hand in returning the compliment. Davy went down staggering from a heavy hit. ["To be sure you ain't winning the battle in a canter, Mr. Larkins," from the Irish part of the Fancy.] Any odds on the Grecian.

9 Davy put in several blows, but they were not effective; the Irishman would not be denied, although he could not parry scientifically. At the ropes, Davy struggled to get the best of it, but the Grecian was too strong for him, and he went down quite exhausted.

10. Larkins received several sharp facers; and he likewise returned some heavy blows. Larkins drove his opponent to the ropes, in a corner of the ring, where he fibbed him so severely, that Davy had not strength to lift up his hands. "Go down, Davy," from all parts of the ring. Davy at length slipped down.

11 Davy planted a facer, ditto, and ditto, without receiving any return; the Grecian still stuck to him, as much as to say, "Not cockleish." Davy at length received a teazer on his cheek, from which he staggered, and fell down. The Paddies were all now as jolly as if dancing a jig in Donnybrook Fair, observing, "It was the Hill of Howth to a tea spoonful of mud and no chance neither, for Davy!"

12. It was completely "bellows to mend!" with poor Davy; and Larkins went to work as soon as his opponent appeared at the scratch. Some counter hits, but the hitting for punishment was decidedly in favor of Larkins. In closing, Davy went down.

13. A tiny pause; Davy sparring to improve his bellows. "Go to work," cried Neal. "O, is it that you mane," answered Larkins; "then, Sir, I will show you that I can do that clane sort of thing." The Grecian now bored Davy all over the ring, and sent him down completely out of the ropes. "That was a whack for ould Ireland, I think," said Neal—"one or two more like that, and I will not ask you to do any more. You shall have a place under government. A chancery cove."

14. Davy planted a body hit, but not heavy enough to do any mischief. Larkins pursued him all over the ring, hitting away until Davy went down quite distressed. Many odds, but no takers.

15. This round was almost a quietus to Hudson; he received facers at every step; and was so much on the piping list, that his friends were quite certain of the result. Hudson down.

16. Davy, still game, was determined to do his best, fought with his man until Larkins went down. [Loud shouting from the John Bullites, and "he'll win it now," from Oliver. "He's coming, Davy."]

17. Davy came smiling to the scratch; his wind was better, and he soon went to work. Larkins was equally on the alert, and followed up Hudson until he floored him. The Paddies now let loose their red rags, and offered to back the Grecian from a white headed bob to a one hundred pound note, at high odds. In fact, it was the Prime Minister to a Dummy.

18. Davy came up like a trump—he was too good to say no! He got away from a heavy hit; but the Grecian, who was as strong upon his pins as at the first moment he peeled, kept boring in, and punished Davy till he got him upon the ropes. Here the fibbing system was dealt out by Larkins—the face of Hudson was covered with claret, until he went down. ["Take him away!" from the Patlanders; "Mr Larkins is too genteel a man to hurt him: he only wants to win the battle. Do you wish to be lagged, Mr. Oliver?"]

19. Larkins was waiting at the scratch to put the stopper upon his opponent. ["Mind what I have told you," said Neal, "the finish is only wanting. Come, polish him off!" Davy let fly, as a last effort, when the Grecian put on the finish indeed—Davy exchanging hits till he went down. One of the Grecian's backers was so pleased, that he began to sing:—

St. Patrick is still our protector,
He made us an island of Saints!
Drove out snakes and toads like a Hector,
And ne'er shut his eyes to complaints!
Then if you would live and be frisky,
And ne'er dye but when you're in bed;
O come to Ireland and tipple the whisky,
And live ten years after you're dead.

20, and last. It was all boderation now to poor Davy, but he appeared at the mark. Larkins immediately went up to him, and after a trifling exchange, David Hudson went down. When time was called, Hudson was deaf to it; and the Grecian, according to the honors of war, was pronounced the conqueror, in twenty-eight minutes.

REMARKS.—Larkins, it is said, a few years since had a turn-up with Jack Langan, and had the "best of it;" we do not vouch for the truth of that assertion, but, at all events, he is a strong, iron-frame built man. It was his first appearance in the Prize Ring; and, although he gave no proofs of his acquaintance with the science, it was likely that he would do much better in his next attempt. The Grecian was a stone and a half, we think, heavier than his opponent. Hudson was not fit to fight for pins—stale to the end of the chapter—one peeper in the dark—his flesh soft and pappy, and nothing good as to milling about him but his heart. He could not give—his blows were feeble—and he was out of wind in the second round. If any person was to blame in making the above match, it was Dav. Hudson himself. Stale as he was, he entertained an opinion he could lick a commoner like Larkins, and more especially an uncultivated boy from Paddy's Land. The chance was entirely against Hudson from the beginning to the end of the fight. The Grecian was an excellent wrestler; and the falls he gave his opponent were severe indeed.

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Have closed their Opera House, Boston, for the season, and re-open August 1st, 1861, entirely remodelled. During the Summer the company will visit the principal cities in the Canadas and Eastern States, commencing in Montreal, at
MECHANICS' HALL,
Tuesday evening, May 21st, and continue until further notice.
6 LON MORRIS, Manager.

OLYMPIC MUSIC HALL,
(Late Newark Theatre,) NEWARK, N. J.
JOHN MACARTHY.....Proprietor.
THOMAS MACARTHY.....Treasurer.
G. F. ORRIN.....Stage Manager.
MODEL MUSIC HALL OF AMERICA.
OPEN EVERY NIGHT.
SONGS, DANCES, OPERATIC BURLESQUES,
GYMNASTICS, PANTOMIMES, &c., &c.
Admission..... 13 cts. | Dress Circle.....20 cts.
Performers of acknowledged talent can always meet with good engagements by applying as above. 6 tf

MAGUIRE'S OPERA HOUSE,
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
Proprietor and Manager.....MR. T. MAGUIRE
Stage Manager..MR. J. DOWLING. | Treasurer.....MR HAND.
Open for Dramatic, Operatic, and other Amusements.
Prices of Admission:
Dress Circle and Orchestra Seats.....One Dollar.
Parquet.....50 Cents. | Gallery.....25 Cents. 3 tf

THEATRE AND CONCERT HALL,
Late Green Street Theatre,
Albany, N. Y.
One of the cheapest places of Amusement in the world.
IMMENSE ATTRACTIONS!
IMMENSE ATTRACTIONS!!
CONSTANTLY PRODUCED.
Admission 10, 15 and 25 cents.
9-5t* CAPT. J. B. SMITH, Proprietor.

AMERICAN HOTEL,
HARTFORD, CONN.,
BY
A. S. PLIMTON.
AMERICAN HALL,
(Adjoining the House,)
Well fitted for Theatricals, Concerts, &c. 7-5t*

WINTER GARDEN.
Brilliant and unparalleled
SUCCESS
Of the most Original Eccentric Artist
OF THE AGE,
MR. SOTHERN.
Charles Gayler's
"AMERICAN COUSIN AT HOME,"
☞ Every night till further notice.
N. B.—Seats can be secured two weeks in advance.

LITTLE ROCK THEATRE FOR RENT.—For Minstrels and Exhibitions of all kinds, until the 28th day of October, when the theatrical season commences, and continue until the 28th day of March, 1862. Persons wishing to engage the Theatre, for exhibitions, &c., or for the theatrical season, will please address
2-1f J. F. JAMES, Little Rock Theatre, Ark.

A CARD.—The undersigned, members of the late W. A. Christy's Minstrels, feel it their duty to warn the public and profession against one who is a disgrace to the profession, and to society at large. The individual we allude to, is one W. A. CHRISTY, who absconded from Toronto, C. W., on the 12th of June, 1861, largely in our debt, leaving Hotel, Printers, and other bills, too numerous to mention, unsettled; which bills the members of the Company settled satisfactorily, as Mr. J. B. Riley, proprietor of the Revere House, Toronto, C. W., will testify. To show the fellow up in a true light, we must make mention of the manner he left his wife in debt to the Hotel, and without a cent. He did not even mention to her that he was going, but merely left a note at the Hotel that he was gone, which note was addressed to G. B. Baldwin, but is now in the possession of the Company. In it he says, "We can use the name of Christy," and then goes on to say, "That he is tired of travelling with such an unprofitable party." Now, we ask a generous public what ought to be done with such an ungrateful puppy. He calls us unprofitable, when the only unprofitable person was himself. We received no salaries for weeks, but Christy could order new suits of Clothes, Photographs, &c. &c., and always have money in his pocket, when we could not get a cent. In conclusion, we ask if we are not justly entitled to the name, if we can make back what we lost through the unprincipled W. A. Christy. We constituted the entire Company, with the exception of himself, and he was, without a doubt, the worst feature with us, off or on the Stage. We will say no more about him at present; but should he have the audacity to make a reply, we will disclose things that will silence him forever. Signed,

CHARLEY LEWIS,	ANDY E. MORRIS,	HARRY LAURENCE.
GEO. TRACY,	CHAS CARPLES,	E. FLORENCE,
A. SILBERBERG,	FRANK KYLE,	GEO. CHILCOAT.
L. C. BRIMMER,	W. McCRACKEN, late Christy's Minstrels. 1t*	

THE BEAUTY OF MINSTRELSY.—During the present war times, some minstrels have gone to Canada, others to the far West; some "go down," down to Dixie; others again are off for England; while more "close for repairs," or settle down to wait for better times. Last of all, some organize, and call themselves "The Original New Orleans and Metropolitan Opera Troupe," and travel through Portland, Me., St. John's, N. B., and Halifax, N. S., and there and then go up in a balloon. But the great popular Double Minstrel Troupe of Artists, and the most substantial organization in the profession is still in the field, moving on firmly, and is the only travelling troupe in the country that can stand the pressure. Dupree & Green's Original New Orleans and Metropolitan Opera Troupe and Brass Band are just returning from a very expensive and successful tour of eleven months, and have during that period travelled upwards of ten thousand miles, through the most expensive parts of the country. Wherever this talented and unrivalled troupe appear, they war upon the people with showers of witticism and *sources* of Ethiopian Minstrelsy, and the people discharge, in return, volleys of quarters and bank notes at the treasurer's office, insomuch that Mr Barras retreats nightly, with his little black box filled to its utmost capacity. The troupe will close its travelling season on July the 4th, previous to which they will visit the following places:—Syracuse, Hudson, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.; Norwalk, Danbury, Bridgeport, New Haven, New London, Norwich, Conn.; Worcester, Lawrence, Haverhill, Salem, Lynn, Fall River, Mass., Bristol, Warren, and Providence, R. I.; when the members will rusticate until about the middle of August, preparatory to another season's tour through the States—times permitting, else they sail for Europe.
CHAS. H. DUPREZ,
10 3t Manager and Advertising Agent.

BROADWAY MUSIC HALL,
BROADWAY MUSIC HALL,
483 & 485 BROADWAY. 483 & 485
One door below Broome Street.
OPEN EVERY EVENING,
WITH THE LARGEST AND MOST TALENTED COMPANY EVER CONCENTRATED IN ANY PLACE OF AMUSEMENT IN THE WORLD
BRILLIANT SUCCESS! BRILLIANT SUCCESS!
GORGEOUS CONSTELLATION OF STARS!
STERLING AND IMPOSING NOVELTIES!
NEW AND BEAUTIFUL EFFECTS!
COMIC PANTOMIMES!
SPLENDID BALLETS!
ETHIOPIAN DELINEATIONS!
IRISH ECCENTRICITIES!
GEMS FROM THE OPERAS!
GRAND AND MAJESTIC TABLEAU!
A CONTINUED ENTERTAINMENT OF FOUR HOURS DURATION!
The following first class artists will appear during each and every performance:—
SIGNORITA ANNITA GALETTI.
MR. ALBERT BRAHAM. MR. W. O. NEIL
CLARA HARRINGTON.
MONS. VELARDE. TONY PASTOR.
THE SHULIZE SISTERS.
MLLE KATRINA. JULIA CHRISTINE.
ADD WEAVER AND MAST. BARNEY.
TIM NORTON. W. S. BUDWORTH. FRANK SPEAR.
BEN YATES. MONS. LA THORNE.
Together with the
GREAT BALLET TROUPE.
ADMISSION:
Dress Circle and Parquet....25 cts. | Family Circle.....13 cts.
Orchestra Chairs.....35 cts. | Private Boxes.....$4 00
ROBERT W. BUTLER, Sole Lessee.
11 MONS. LA THORNE, Stage Manager.

FARR & THOMPSON'S
(LATE)
THE ORIGINAL CHRISTY'S MINSTRELS,
From Broadway, N. Y.
FOURTEEN STAR PERFORMERS!
Selected from the *elite* of the profession, and pronounced by the entire Press and Public to be the
NE PLUS ULTRA OF ALL MINSTREL ORGANIZATIONS,
Will have the honor of appearing in all the Principal cities and towns in the United States and Canada, during the summer.
The undersigned have now the members of the ORIGINAL CHRISTY'S MINSTRELS, who composed the company under the proprietorship of W. A. Christy, who retired from the company upon the 12th of June, 1861, and for a consideration gave this company the exclusive use of the name of "Christy's Minstrels."
Respectfully, FARR & THOMPSON.
LIST OF ARTISTES.
Charley Lewis, Frank Kyle, Chas. Carples, I. C. Brimmer, Andy Morris, W. McCracken, J. T. Ainsworth, Matt. Thompson, Geo. Gray, J. H. Roberts, Mast. E. Florence, Geo. Chilcoat, A. Silberberg, L. E. Whitmore. HARRY LAURENCE, Agent.
WM. L. FARR, Manager. 11 tf

AMERICAN CONCERT HALL.
444 444 444 BROADWAY.
Another splendid bill, comprising a beautiful variety of new and laughable features, of the most mirthful character.
M'LLE CLARA AND BRILLANT IN NEW BALLETS.
THE BLACK MENAGERIE.
THE BLACK MENAGERIE.
PERFORMING ELEPHANT.
GREAT GIANT. GREAT GIANT.
WILD AND FEROCIOUS ANIMALS.
TERRIBLE DESTRUCTION OF OLD BOOTS AND SHOES.
More Negro Capers by CHARLEY WHITE.
CHARLEY WHITE.
ARLINGTON'S UNRIVALLED ESSENCE.
ARLINGTON'S UNRIVALLED ESSENCE.
DAMON AND PYTHIAS.
DAMON AND PYTHIAS.
MISCHIEF MAKING DARKIES.

JENNY ENGEL.		JENNY ENGEL.
R. HART.	R. HART.	R. HART.
W. QUINN.	W. QUINN.	W. QUINN.
M. McKENNA.	M. McKENNA.	M. McKENNA.
C. COVELLI.	C. COVELLI.	C. COVELLI.
M. TURNER.	M. TURNER.	M. TURNER.
	SAM LONG.	
	SAM LONG.	
EMILY LEMAIRE.	MILLIE FLORA.	MARY BLAKE
KATE HARRISON.	HATTIE ENGEL.	ANNIE HARRISON.

FLORENCE MONELL, &c., &c.
WITH A FULL AND EFFICIENT ORCHESTRA.
11 CHARLEY WHITE, Acting Manager.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC,
PROVIDENCE, R. I.
FRANK RIVERS' MELODEON TROUPE, OF PHILADELPHIA,
(En Route to Boston.)
This Mammoth Ballet Troupe of Fifty-four persons, will appear in this city, at the above Hall,
ON THURSDAY EVENING, JUNE 27th, 1861,
And every Evening during the week, and on SATURDAY AFTERNOON, June 29th.
This establishment will furnish an entertainment which has received the unqualified endorsement of the Philadelphia press, and consists of
THE LARGEST,
MOST VERSATILE AND
TRULY ATTRACTIVE EXHIBITION,
ever presented to the American public, embracing as it does, the very best talent in the country, in every department of polite amusement. The finest vocalists, the best dancers, the most eccentric Ethiopian performers and best pantomimists ever congregated in one exhibition. The Manager has peculiar satisfaction in announcing to the people of Providence his immense amount of talent. The Ballet Troupe consists of
TWENTY FIVE BEAUTIFUL YOUNG LADIES!
Led by M'LLE. MILLE FOWLER, the most classic dancer of the day, assisted by MISS KITTY BLANCHARD, forming a galaxy of Beauty and talent unsurpassed at the present day.
The Ethiopian Comedians include such names as A. J. Leavitt, author of "The Rugged Path," and many of the most popular "black sketches" of the day; Denny Gallagher, "the boy with the auburn hair;" J. K. Campbell, who cannot be excelled or even equalled in his "Essence;" J. Mulligan, the original "Old Bob Ridley," and others of merited prominence in the profession. In the Terpsichorean and Pantomimic departments, are Mons. J. B. L. Szoliosy; H. Calladine, formerly with the Ravels; and H. F. Stone, late of the Martinetti Troupe. In the Musical department are MISS H. O. LALANDE, mezzo soprano,
MISS JULIA MORTIMER, Contralto,
MISS IDA DUVAL,
MAST. GEORGE GERMAIN, Tenor; and
GEO. EDESON.
Doors open at 7 o'clock. Performance to commence at 8 o'clock. The Melodeon Cornet Band, led by Prof. Ritter, will play some favorite airs from the balcony on the Hall, a quarter of an hour previous to each entertainment.
Admission to Orchestra seats 50 cents. To the Gallery, 25 cents. There will be a GRAND MATINEE given on Saturday afternoon, June 29th, for Ladies and Children. Doors open at 1 o'clock. To commence at 2 o'clock.
A. S. PRENTISS, Business Agent. FRANK RIVERS, Proprietor. 11-1t

ST. LOUIS, MO.
EAGLE'S NEW CANTERBURY HALL,
Situated on the corner of Sixth and Green streets, opposite the Lindel Hotel, the largest in the world! will open on Saturday, June 15th, 1861. The Hall is 50 feet front on Sixth street, by 100 feet on Green street; it has one row of boxes and a parquette, and will seat twelve hundred persons. The Stage is 30 feet by 25. The Scenery is painted by Thomas Noxen and assistants. The Drop Curtain is a Midnight Scene on the Mississippi River, representing two Steamboats racing. The Machinery and Carpenter work by A. J. Martin. Gas Fixtures and Decorations by Ashdown.
GEORGE J. EAGLE, Lessee and Proprietor; TOM CONEY, Stage Manager and Pantomimist; MR. BROWNELL, Violinist. The company comprises the following talented and well known Artists, having been selected with great care from all the principal Concert Rooms in New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, &c., &c., viz:—MR JERRY MERRIFIELD, Comedian and Comic Vocalist; MR. EDWARD BERRY, Comedian and Irish Vocalist; MR GEO WINSHIP, Ethiopian Delineator; MR DAVIS, Ballet Master, Ethiopian Dancer and Vocalist; Messrs. LESLIE and MAY, Comic Dancers and Trapeze performers; MR McANDREWS, Ethiopian Comedian, Dancer, and Vocalist; MISS KATE WALTER, Comedienne, Danseuse and Yankee Gal; MISS CELIA MORLEY, Vocalist; MISS CLARA DAY, Vocalist; MISS NELLIE HOWARD, Jig Dancer; MRS DAVIS, Danseuse; MISS MARIETTA, Danseuse, MASTER and MISS DAVIS, &c. 9

THE MISSES NELSON are now on their Western Tour. Communications will reach them addressed to 49 Bleecker st., N.Y. [5 8t*

PHOTOGRAPHS OF EDWIN BOOTH, Sothern as Dundreary, Jerry Bryant, Maggie Mitchell, Mrs. Hoey, Laura Keene, Agnes Robertson, Adah Isaacs Menken, E. Eddy, W. J. Florence, and all the principal Operatic and Dramatic Performers. Price 25 cents each, and sent post paid, by D. G. CUNNINGHAM, Box 3498 P. O., N. Y. 11-1t*

WANTED IMMEDIATELY, a first class Cornet player; none other need apply. A good Musician will have a situation during the entire year. Apply by letter to FRANK RIVERS,
Proprietor of Frank Rivers' Melodeon Troupe.
See advertisement in New York CLIPPER. 11-1t

KATE AND HARRY SEYMOUR, American dancers, are open for summer engagements, and would prefer a travelling company. Address H. Seymour, No. 202 East Walnut street, Cincinnati, O. 1t

PLATTE VALLEY THEATRE.—DENVER CITY, COLUMBIA TERRITORY.—This large and elegant Theatre will be completed, and ready for Dramatic Entertainments, about the 1st of August. Actors and Actresses of acknowledged ability; also, an attractive danseuse wishing an engagement at the above Theatre, can address by letter,
H. B. MURPHY,
*11-3t Denver City, Columbia Territory.

AMERICAN ACADEMY OF MUSIC.
GRAND CONCERT
AND FREE WILL OFFERING
to the
VOLUNTEER REFRESHMENT COMMITTEE,
At the foot of WASHINGTON Street, near the Navy Yard,
THURSDAY EVENING, JUNE 27th,
For which especial occasion the celebrated Prima Donna
MADAME BERTHA JOHANNSEN,
MR. W. J. HILL, TENOR,
And the Young Ladies of the
ZANE STREET GRAMMAR SCHOOL, 250 VOICES,
Conducted by Professor JOHN BOWER,
Have in the kindest manner volunteered their valuable services.
Also, a full and
EFFICIENT ORCHESTRA,
Under the direction of
DR. W. P. CUNNINGTON,
Who have generously proffered their services for the entertainment.
Full particulars in programmes.
Tickets to all parts of the house, 25 cents. To be obtained all through "Old Southwark," and at Beck & Lawton's Seventh and Chestnut streets, of all the conductors on the passenger railway cars, and at the Academy of Music, on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, from 9 to 4 o'clock.
Doors open at 7. Commence at 8 o'clock. 11-1t

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.
FOURTH OF JULY, 1861.
GREAT DRAMATIC FESTIVAL.
Mrs. BARNEY WILLIAMS,
Mrs. W. J. FLORENCE,
Mr. BARNEY WILLIAMS,
Mr. W. J. FLORENCE.
Tickets, 50 cents, to be obtained at the principal hotels and music stores. 11-2t

DOBSON BROS. SHORT HANDLE BANJOS.—One of our highly finished Banjos sent to any address on the receipt of $10. Twelve written Lessons in figures on the Banjo—a child can play from them—sent to any address for $1.
BANJO TAUGHT—12 Lessons, (each lesson a tune,) for $5. Dobson Bros., Wood's Building, 561 and 563 Broadway, Room 7.

THEATRE FOR SALE.—The National Theatre, Walnut street, above Eighth, Philadelphia, with all its Scenery, Machinery, Wardrobe, Properties, Furniture, Gas Fixtures, and near four years' unexpired lease. The building is at present well adapted for dramatic purposes, as an amphitheatre and for equestrian spectacle the most complete and perfect establishment in the world. If not disposed of in the interval will be sold to the highest bidder, at the premises, on Thursday, June 27, at 12 M. For particulars apply to JOSEPH T. ROWAND, 405 Walnut street, Philadelphia. 1t*

HORSE WANTED.—Any person having a good horse, accustomed to the stage, and to performing in Mazeppa, Dick Turpin, etc., may hear of a purchaser by addressing "Mazeppa," CLIPPER office. Terms must be reasonable. 11-1t

CONCERT ROOM AGENCY.—Wanted, for city engagements, lady Vocalists, Danseuse, Ethiopian performers, and Comic Singers. Address, enclosing $1.00 and Red Stamp, to 89 West Houston street, New York. 11-1t* J. CONNER.

☞ We have letters for C. B. Reynolds, Louise Haynes, G. D. Chapin, Paul Berger, J. E. Lawrence, D. A. Hyan, or (Styan), W. C. Thompson, manager New Memphis Theatre; and Frank Beach.

CITY SUMMARY.

MONDAY, June 24

Now, that the regular season of 1860-61 may be said to have ended, managers are doing a "dale of thinking," regarding the future, and what course they shall pursue in the conduct of their business during the coming campaign. The past few seasons have made apparent one fact, if no more; and that is, that the "legitimate drama" has been eclipsed by the "sensational school," and that the former, no matter how well placed upon the stage, or how correctly acted, failed to remunerate the manager; while the latter almost invariably attracted large audiences. Bourcicault saw that there was money in the sensation drama, and he boldly struck out into a new path, threw overboard the legitimate, introduced to our notice plays of the most improbable and abominable character, full of "startling effects," and "novel denouements," and, after the first severe trial of the "new-fangled notion," he came out a winner, and "went in" for "bigger licks," always making his mark wherever he appeared. Like all other actors and managers, he aims to make money; if one thing will not answer, he tries another. Bourcicault opened up a new field, and others beside himself have reaped the profits of the "sensation" harvest. Whenever a man becomes fortunate in a special calling, it is only natural for people out of doors to inquire the cause—particularly so, when, in their opinion at least, there seems to be a wide interval between the true merit of the man and the results of his labors. The case of Dion Bourcicault is one that may, and doubtless does, challenge this query. A gentleman who has furnished an abundance of plays to both the American and English stages, most of which have met with a flattering reception, in direct view that not one of these comes up to the legitimate standard, it must be owned that Mr. Bourcicault fills a somewhat anomalous position, and one it may be as well to consider from a critical point of view. Mr. Bourcicault has put all manner of pieces upon the stage, has derived his materials from all parts of the world, and has given us outlines of all characters, from Sir Charles Coldstream, the "used-up" dandy, to Zoe, the octoroon; yet, he has never given us a drama in the true sense of the word. What approaches more nearly to that is his "London Assurance;" but even there, it is *only* an approach—his strongest character, Dazzle, being unsustained, and, at the least, a weak transcript from an original to be found in the pages of many a novel. Not in character, then, is Mr. Bourcicault entitled to the name of dramatist—neither in the artistic construction of his pieces, their incidents, or their language. In all of these he fails, critically; but if we are asked where he *succeeds*, as he assuredly does, in a positive sense, we should reply:—in his perfect comprehension of the present standard of public taste, and his exquisite appreciation of those aids to theatric representation which have come in fashion of late. Thus, in everything we see Mr. Bourcicault put upon the stage, we recognise short dialogue, a number of persons thrown together, constant action, and something like a climax in each act; all these powerful attractions to the popular taste affording scope for others, as potent, and in which the scene painter, the tailor, the property man, and the upholsterer join hands. In these, we maintain, and not in any real qualification as a dramatist, is the secret of Mr. Bourcicault's success to be found. While saying this, let us point to one of his best efforts here, previous to his leaving for London, as bearing us out to the letter. We allude to "Jeannie Deans." Here is a piece venerable even as an adaptation, and presenting nothing fresh about it except in a few of those details on which, in connection with Mr. Bourcicault's success, we have already touched. After better adaptation of Scott's "Heart of Mid Lothian" (written by Terry) might have been acted at Miss Keene's theatre, to empty benches; but not so Mr. Dion Bourcicault's—just because *it* had those accidental attractions which any *habitue* of the green room would have no difficulty in discovering, and little in rendering available. In saying that Mr. Bourcicault has achieved but little, according to the legitimate standard, we do not deny him the capacity for better things than he has yet achieved, for we are willing to allow that prudence, not fame, has been his guide. It is not at all improbable that prudence will be the guide of many a manager in the approaching season, and that the path marked out so clearly by Bourcicault will be followed by those who would have scouted at the bare idea of such a thing a few years ago. Laura Keene understands the present taste pretty well, and she is profiting by it. Her "Seven Sisters," a conglomeration of nonsense, pretty women, low neck dresses, finely shaped legs, and all that sort of thing, is still running, having now reached its *two hundredth and twelfth night!* Just think of it. What legitimate drama could hold the stage for one eighth the time? Depend upon it, the sensation and leggy drama will be the card the coming fall and winter, and the best legs and shoulders, with the prettiest women to bear them, will rule the stage. We doubt very much that Wallack, at his new establishment, will do more than give the legitimate a trial. His last season was not a very successful one, and the best houses he had were drawn by the illegitimate drama. The Winter Garden, with stars and the standard drama, did a very poor business. Niblo's, with Forrest and Shakespeare, must have realised "considerable expenses" for Mr. Nixon, taking the regular and off nights together. Managers, to save themselves, must, like Mr. Bourcicault, take prudence for their guide, and leave "fame," as it is called, for those who may cater for our amusement when the popular taste shall have changed, and when the legitimate drama shall meet public approval and patronage.

We have but little to note this week. There is no change in business, and no change in anything else that we are aware of. During the past week, very little money found its way into "box office treasuries," rather less, probably, than that netted the week previous. Matters are being gradually brought down to a low ebb, and in some cases more flows out than comes in.

One day last week, while sauntering along rather leisurely, we approached the Battery. The cool air's invigorating influence suggested a trip seawards. Instinctively we searched our pockets, and happening to find therein a stray "levy," we at once edged our way through the crowd of passengers thronging the gateway of the Staten Island ferry, and was soon on our way to that delightful paradise of Sepoys and ocean breezes. We landed safely, and strolling along, following the current of the crowd that floated before us, turned to the right, and found ourselves within the encampment of the 25th Regiment, Union Rangers, commanded by James E. Kerrigan. At the time of our visit, the regiment was drawn up in line in presence of the Colonel, who was bestowing upon it a careful and searching inspection; and we are free to say, that although the men were not uniformed, they evinced a proper discipline, and a careful study in the school of the soldier. While observing their movements, a friendly hand was laid upon our shoulder, and our name kindly whispered in our ear; upon turning to see who should presume upon taking such liberties with our person in that "warlike section of country," we beheld none other than our young friend, Harry Bartine, of equestrian fame, covered with blue broad cloth and brass military buttons, and rejoicing in the title of Lieutenant. We were delighted with the change in Harry, as we have ever appreciated him for his manly and moral worth, and we are confident that he will never disgrace the sword he has drawn in his country's defence. Would that we had many more like him. May all the hopes of his ambition be realized. An honor as he was to the profession he forsook at his country's call, we have no fears but that he will as honorably acquit himself in the one he has now chosen.

At the Winter Garden, on the 19th inst., Mr. Hemple, from the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, made his first appearance here in the character of Bunny, in "Our American Cousin at Home." As we were present when Mr. Blake made such a lamentable failure in the part, on the first production of the piece in this city a few weeks since, we determined to witness Mr. Hemple's *debut* at the Garden. The entertainment was moderately well attended, better, in fact, than we expected, considering the warm weather and the departure of several regiments for the seat of war, which always has a depressing effect upon places of in-door amusement. On making his appearance in the first act, Mr. Hemple was loudly applauded, and met with a really earnest welcome. He modestly bowed his acknowledgments, and then "went on with the show." His superiority over Blake, his "illustrious predecessor," was made at once apparent, and he divided the applause, in some of the scenes, with Mr Sothern. Unlike Mr. Blake, he did not overdo the part, nor attempt to make capital by efforts altogether foreign to the character personated. He gave us a very clever characterization of an English flunkey, and his audience quite readily comprehended the jokes and mannerisms connected with the rendition. Mr. Hemple has cause to be proud of his reception in the Empire City. The entire play now goes off very smoothly, and is improved in every way. There is no dragging, the scenery is in good working order, each and everybody understands his or her business, and is on hand at the proper moment to attend to it. As now performed, "Our American Cousin at Home" is quite an amusing entertainment, and in ordinary times would fill the house for months. Mr. Sothern's extraordinary changes from Lord Dundreary to Sam, and from Sam to Dundreary, are certainly very cleverly managed, and create the impression that two persons (instead of one individual) must be acting in concert, so rapid are the changes made. Bishop, as Uncle Pete, has also improved, and now gives us a very natural portraiture of a domesticated "contraband" article. We are under the impression that Sothern and "Our American Cousin" have injured Laura Keene and her "Seven Sisters," for the houses at Laura Keene's are very shy just now.

The "advance guard" of Buckley's Serenaders arrived here on the 20th inst., in the steamship Africa, from Liverpool. Among those arrived are the Buckleys and Miss Julia Gould; the balance of the *troupe*, we understand, are expected to reach here soon. According to current report, the Buckleys have lost a large sum of money by their trip to England, and return home because they consider the chances better here than in England. They represent business as very dull on the other side. If such is the case, Rumsey & Newcomb's party, who recently sailed for London, will have a rather unhealthy time of it among our foreign relations. Unsworth, Master Eugene, and Dave Wambold, who are also there, will now have an opportunity to test the real worth of their abilities.

Rody Maguire, a versatile performer of much ability, left here on the 17th inst., for Albany. He contemplates giving entertainments in the different cities through which he may pass on his way westward.

Laura Keene has hauled off for the dogs days, and will rusticate for the balance of the season. Mrs. W. H. Leighton takes her place in the "Seven Sisters," which is still running, although under very depressing auspices, for the business was shockingly bad there last week, the audiences looking extremely scattered and lonesome. We presume Laura has given the company permission to run the machine as long as they can make expenses. We do not believe the theatre can be kept open much longer; certainly not, unless there is an improvement in the attendance, which is not very probable in these times.

The "skirmishers" of the "New Orleans Varieties Volunteers," have reached us. In our last we noticed the arrival of Mark Smith and W. H. Leighton; this week we learn that A. H. Davenport reached this city on the 22d. Some of the papers that were at first so bitter against the "Cocktail Guards" seem to have been "seen" by the pickets of the enemy, for they are less severe now, and try to make the whole thing appear as a joke. If the organization of a secession company of volunteers by Northern men was a joke, why was it not so stated at the time? No excuse whatever was made by the company until the theatre in New Orleans had closed, the company disbanded, and some of its members had reached the "borders of civilization." Then it was that they became painfully aware of the treasonable character of their conduct, and then it was that they concocted the "joke" with which to "subjugate" Northern sentiment. Have those men ever yet announced, over their own signatures, that the organization of the Varieties company was a sham, a joke, to blind Southerners? No. Some of their friends have done something of the kind for them; and that is all. If they are Union men, let them own it, openly and above board—let them publicly announce, over their own signatures, that the New Orleans Varieties company was merely a joke; and let a copy of the disclaimer be sent to New Orleans, and published in the papers of that city. When this is done, we may have some faith in the professed loyalty of these men. Some of our contemporaries last week stated that Mark Smith was to be a member of the New Bowery company. This, we hear, is denied by Mr. Lingard, who is too much of a patriot to risk his good name in such a connection. Under present circumstances, we do not believe any manager will have the temerity to make engagements with any "Southern Volunteers."

An English tenor, Albert Braham his name, made his first appearance at Broadway Music Hall, on Wednesday evening, June 19th, and sang several ballads. We have not yet had an opportunity to hear the gentleman, but we are informed that he has been very cordially received, and is always encored. He is said to sing in costume, and gives his ballads with the necessary actions, etc. In addition to Braham, the dashing danseuse, Galetti, is one of the big features of the hall, and the following named performers are also members of the company, viz: Billy O'Neil, Tony Pastor, J. Pilgrim, J. O. Sefton, Tim Norton, Add Weaver, W. S. Budworth, Frank Spear, Master Barney, Ben Yates, Mons. La Thorne, Mons. Velarde, Clara Harrington, and a full and efficient *ballet corps*. This evening, June 24th, Mr. Pilgrim's new Irish drama, the "Boy of Garryowen," will be produced. To render this cozy little place cool and comfortable, the monster fans, or, as Wallack calls them, India Punkas, are now in operation, wafting breezes cool and delicious, through the house, and giving the *habitues* a refreshing airy bath.

It is probable that Our American Cousin will shortly be withdrawn from the Winter Garden, when "Suspense" will be produced.

Among those who have recently sailed for England, are Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Conway.

Every Sunday morning, between the hours of 10 and 12, a brass band meets for practice in a lager bier saloon in Delancey street, near Christy. The members of this band have an eye to business, and to calls for the future, for they practice a new collection of funeral marches, in anticipation, probably, that plaintive and minor selections will be in great demand as the war progresses. Some of the members of the band are really capital musicians, and, we believe, attached to Tom Baker's orchestra. The impression made upon us, as we listened to their mournful strains, was, that musicians are far-seeing and observing men, who calculate the chances, even in the bloody drama to be enacted, and whose occupation soon will be in playing "funeral marches to the grave." Such is another phase of life in the metropolis.

Hear the mournful sound—the "What Is It?" is about to abdicate for more congenial climes. In a word, the little Nigger is about played out here, and Barnum means to ring him in on some other people. Barnum must be approaching a climax, for we notice that this week is announced as the last of the "What Is It?" "The Albino Family," the "Dwarf Family," "The Patriot's Dream," etc. Of what Barnum intends to do next, we are not aware; probably he will open his masked batteries in a few days. Night-business here, bad.

James Dunn, a well-known actor on the east side, has been engaged as ballad-singer at Canterbury Hall. Mr. Dunn is a very fair singer, and, we have no doubt, will make an impression in the concert saloon.

They are doing the "Stranger" at Bryant's, the characters being painfully portrayed by Dan Bryant, Eph Horn, and "the children." Frank Leslie is the ballad-singer here now. The business has been fair to good, the lower part of the house generally nearly full, while the gallery is quite shy and dejected looking. Considering the times, the Bryants have no cause to complain.

Mr. Chanfrau is in his second week at the New Bowery. Last week his audiences were not large, notwithstanding long and attractive programmes were offered. The fact is, the boys have little or no inclination to attend theatres now. They are on the lay for war news from the real stage of life, instead of looking at the mimic representations upon the boards of a theatre. Lieut Fox has not yet received a furlough, so that his friends here will be disappointed for a little while.

American Concert Hall, 444 Broadway, continues to lead the concert business, and is making money while others are losing. There is a good deal of fun to be enjoyed here in seeing and hearing Charley White and his band of darkeys; Charley's wild and ferocious animals are a great institution. Go see them—they are perfectly harmless, having had their teeth drawn out.

We have received a capital bronze medallion profile likeness of Charley White, the celebrated delineator of Ethiopian characteristics. The likeness is well preserved, and as a work of art, the medallion is one of the finest we have ever seen. It is beautifully mounted, and altogether will make a valuable addition to our collection. We will keep it in remembrance of one whose constant aim has been to elevate the profession of which he is a member.

Laura Keene gives notice that all persons who have applied for engagements for the ensuing season, and have not received a reply, will consider their applications negatived.

It is probable that Miss Fanny Herring will play a short engagement at the New Bowery, after the Fourth of July.

Mr. Alonzo Hubbell having put forth a challenge to pull against a horse for $100, the superintendent of the Third Avenue Railroad accepted on behalf of the horse Black Billy, and the pulling trial was to have taken place on the 24th inst., at Jones' Wood, where also may be seen the celebrated Eaton Stone, and his herd of trained buffaloes, and American antelope. These latter are on exhibition every day.

The programme for the Williams and Florence entertainment to be given at the Academy of Music on the 4th of July, promises to give each and all of those popular artistes an opportunity to shine. It should be a great success.

GENERAL SUMMARY.

Hooley & Campbell's Minstrels have returned to Philadelphia from Baltimore, and re-open the Walnut Street Theatre this evening, 24th inst. Frank Brower and Billy Birch appear with the company.

The summer season at McDonough's Olympic, Philadelphia, will commence on the 26th inst., on which occasion the Ocean Child will be produced. Mrs. Eliza Place appearing as Harry Helm. The Seven Sisters is to be again brought out.

Burtis' Varieties, Brooklyn, is doing better than most places of amusement, the war thus far having had but little effect upon them. A varied programme of dancing, singing, etc., is given nightly, with great satisfaction.

Sanford's Opera House, Philadelphia, had the field all to itself last week. In addition to the regular troupe, Charley Backus and

J. H. Budworth are now engaged by manager Sanford, so that the funny element of the business will be greatly augmented.

Yankee Robinson's Show was at Dunkirk on the 12th. The afternoon performance was not well attended, but in the evening the tent was filled.

N. White's "Great Union Show" was at Hornellsville, N. Y., on the 15th. Yankee Miller is the clown.

Amusements in the western part of the State of New York are decidedly checkered. The short theatrical season in Utica was a failure, although the company performing there under the management of Mr. S. Forrest was a very fair one, and during their short sojourn a variety of novelties were produced. The press was very profuse in their behalf, but all would not do, and on Tuesday evening, 11th inst., they struck their colors, and yielded the field to Van Amburgh's big show, which exhibited afternoon and night to about 5000 persons. The theatrical company then wended their way north, and finally cast anchor at Booneville, a pretty village on the Black River R. R. The opening bill was, "The Stranger," a dance by Lizzy Irving, and the farce of "Family Jars." A good house rewarded their efforts; a majority of those present had never before witnessed a theatrical performance, and "The Stranger" rather puzzled them; they were bothered to know whether they should laugh or cry; but the farce suited them to a spot, and such screaming was never before heard outside of an Indian camp. After all was over, there were numerous consultations regarding the merits of what they had seen, but the final verdict was that it was a "first rate show." Prospects were lively for a good week's business. The next point will be Lowville. If they can succeed in realizing moderate salaries in the rural districts during these times of excitement, we are inclined to think they will do much better than their brother professionals in the larger cities.

One of our correspondents in Iowa, under date of June 17, says:—The blockade of the Mississippi river at Cairo, Ill., very materially reduces the number of steamboats and other smoky craft in the Upper Mississippi; but the trim built and universally popular N. Y. CLIPPER laughs at all blockades, at all breakers, shoals, quicksands, and bank ranics, and consequently can be found in every little town on the western rivers and prairies large enough to have a school house, two blacksmith shops, a tavern, and three hundred corn cribs. By the way, perhaps you don't know that these western towns do most emphatically "own the corn." We have seen piled up in cribs made of rails, of boards, of scantling, and of stones and logs, in a little town of one thousand inhabitants, over a million bushels of corn in the ear.....The western people have suffered so much from the poor currency during the past winter, that "show folks" have fared but slimly among them. Nearly every company of whatever nature—circus, menagerie, panorama, concert, or theatre, or lectures on magnetism, phrenology or the sciences—have lost money. Among the very few exceptions is Ossian E. Dodge. His success is owing principally to the fact that he is extensively known, and that there are but two persons in the company—himself and Mr. Hayward—to add to the expenses. For agent, Dodge has got the famous Col. E. P. Andrews—the rival to Hobbs, the American lockpicker. The Colonel picked three bank locks in St. Louis, and sold seven hundred dollars worth of his locks in five hours..... The R. Sands' American Circus is now the only travelling show in Iowa, and this company is suffering from the bad reputation that "one horse inferior institutions" have left in this western country. The managers have got the best average lot of tumblers and athletes that ever travelled together in America. Each man is a host within himself. Wherever they have performed, they have been pronounced the best ever witnessed, and have been promised a crowded tent whenever they come again. Sherwood, the manager is not only a splendid rider, but is equally a good actor and gentleman; and he is alike popular with his company and the public. Little Charley—a brother to the late Dick Sands—is a brilliant card, and if he remains in the profession fifteen years longer, he will be proprietor of the best circus in the world. Mark that prophecy! He is bold, fearless, dashing, graceful, muscular, limber, quick to learn, with a passion to originate, and mentally as smart as lightning. Bobby Williams, the veteran English clown, fifty-two years of age, his has headed, droll, hexcentric, and funny has never. We doubt if in athletic execution there is any man of his age who can equal him.....Garry De Mott, the American jester, is rapidly making for himself a fame both valuable and honorable. His jests are related in the purest of English, are sharp, pungent, chaste, and popular with people of brains.....Signor Gibbonoise, the contortionist, can be compared to nothing but a wet string. He reminds one of Dickens' best novel—all of a twist.....Signor Martinez, the slack wire performer, is a card that adds greatly to the fame of the company.....Messrs. Rogers, Huntington, Berden, Ashton and Nathaniels, are all good performers; and the company, as a whole, is making a reputation for talent, skill, and gentlemanly deportment that is highly creditable to the profession. This company remain in Iowa until October next. Their business is light, but, like Mr. Micawber, they are constantly looking for "something to turn up."

Circus business has its share of ups and downs, the same as the dramatic profession. Now they make a hit, then again they play to very bad biz. We are glad to learn that John Robinson's Show has done much better the past two or three weeks than those immediately preceding; and the chances ahead were encouraging. On the 17th, they made their first stand in the Badger State, at White Pigeon. The boys think that when the times get so bad that Robinson's concern can't stand the storm, it will be "good evening" to all others. Our circus friends often pick up some curious documents, dropped by "country cousins" in their anxiety to see the elephant. The following is a specimen, found at the close of a show given by John Robinson's Circus, in Indiana. We give it as written; omitting names, however:—Goshen Ind May 1st—My Dear sweet Jacob: how I want to see your big blue eyes. Oh, how horrorstricken am I at your long absence. I want to see you and feel your little heart bump up against mine. Oh sweet Jacob, now do come out and lets get Married, if you love me. God bless you if you are not sufficiently blest in being so sweet. Oh; you marygold, you holybock, you tulip, you cabage. Oh, you sweet owl, do come and comfort your dying, sorrow smitten girl Oh Jacob how I love your big blue eyes. Oh you trim tall fellow, full of manna, of sweet love how I do want to see you, modle of perfection you have been gone this two months and to me poor me it does seem like a hundred years your Dear presence would be to me more than the cool spring to the parched traveller of the desert more than the green grass to the hungry ox more than the pebbled pool to the wanton duck yes more than a lump of sugar to a spoilt child why then will you not come yes fly swift as lightning to kiss the tear from the dimpled cheek of your mad love. oh bleak and wild is the house and the garden the field and the world without thee yes bless thee my dumplin my jewsharp my cel my rooster my gentleman. God bless you.

Farr & Thompson's, late W. A. Christy's Minstrels, re-organized in Toronto, C. W., on the 13th inst., and will give entertainments through the country. They were to appear in Hamilton, C. W., on the 19th and 20th inst.

Ossian E. Dodge sings this week, (commencing June 24, in La Crosse) in Wisconsin, and then crosses Lake Michigan, at Milwaukee, into the State of Michigan.

At Leavenworth, Kansas, at last accounts, June 14, no new shows of any importance had arrived, and Ben Wheeler and a company of minstrels were the only attractions. Harry Wharf and J. B. Young were with Ben, whose audiences, though quite remunerative, were somewhat of the "stag party arrangement," "no wimmen."

Sile Weed, known in the show business in the western country, was recently arrested in Evansville, Ind., for killing a man, and was in jail at last advices. He has many friends, and is well liked in Indiana. He was married in Evansville about one year ago, and since that time has been doing well at his business, but whiskey seems to have got him into a scrape. His trial will take place in October, and his counsel will endeavor to make it a case of manslaughter, if possible.

The people of New Harmony, Ind., owing to so many having volunteered as soldiers, including their entire brass band, feared that the Fourth of July would be a dull one. They set energetically to work to remedy that state of things, however, and are to have a theatrical performance, "Damon and Pythias, on the Test of Friendship," and "Two Heads Better than One," being the selection of pieces to be performed. Another band was formed, and they expect to have the national airs performed in a fair manner.

Edwin Forrest, the tragedian, goes in for the Union, and elaborates his ideas thus:—"I still believe in man's capacity to govern himself, and I prophesy that by September next, all our difficulties will be adjusted. The South will know that the North has no hostile, no subversive feelings to gratify—that it is the Union of the States—that Union cemented by the blood of patriot sires, which is to be preserved unbroken and inviolate—and that under its fraternal ægis all discords must cease—all wounds shall be healed. To this end we must be ready for the field—we must gird up our loins, and put on our armor, for a graceful and lasting peace is only won, when men are equals in honor and courage. Now is the time to test if our Government be really a shield and a protection against anarchy and rebellion, or merely a rope of sand—an illusion—a chimera!—and it is by this spontaneous uprising of every friend of freedom, rallying around the flag of his country—that sacred symbol of our undivided faith—which will proclaim to the world in tones more potent than heaven's thunder peal—that we *have* a Government stronger and more enduring than that of Kings and Potentates, because founded on equal and exact justice, the offspring of man's holiest and noblest nature, for it is the attribute of God himself.

M. Wolowski, the Polish composer and pianist, has organized an Opera Troupe at Montreal, Can., and opens there on the 24th inst. The troupe is managed by Signor Nuno, formerly conductor of the Havana Opera Troupe.

Miss Anna L. Brown, of Cambridge, Mass., a pupil of Mrs. E. L. Davenport, will make her *debut* as Constance, in the "Love Chase," at the Howard Athenæum, Boston, on the 25th inst. The "final close" of the season is deferred to the 26th, with a complimentary benefit to Mr. Davenport.

Edwin Adams is performing this week at the Boston Museum.

Miss Kate Reignolds is engaged for a few weeks, to appear with Mrs. Barrow's company at Halifax, N. S.

The English newspapers protest against allowing Blondin, who is giving exhibitions at the Crystal Palace, London, to carry any man on his back. They are willing he should break his own neck, but no one else is to be allowed the same privilege.

"A young lady"—Mrs. Wilbur, of Charlestown, Mass.—made her *debut* at the Boston Museum, on the 18th inst., on the occasion of Mrs. Vincent's benefit, and is said to have been successful.

Miss Cushman and Mrs. Barrow will fill up the current week at New Haven, Conn.

The National Theatre, Walnut street above Eighth, Philadelphia, with all its scenery, machinery, wardrobe, properties, etc., etc., is to be sold at public sale in that city on the 27th, at 12 M., if not sooner disposed of privately.

J. H. Ogden is at the Olympic, Newark, N. J.

Charles Dillon succeeds Mr. Neafie at the Metropolitan, Buffalo, and commenced there on the 24th.

J. C. Myers' dramatic company closed at Newport R. I., on the 22d, after a sojourn there of three weeks. They open at Fall River on the 24th.

ODE TO AN OLD VIOLIN.

Torn
Worn;
Oppressed I mourn,
Bad
Sad,
Three quarters mad;
Money gone,
Credit none;
Duns at door,
Half a score;
Wife in lain,
Twins again;
Others ailing,
Nurse a railing,
Billy whooping,
Betsy crooping,
Besides poor Joe
With festered toe.
Come then my fiddle,
Come, my time worn friend,
With gay and brilliant sounds
Some sweet tho' transient solace lend.
Boy polished neck in close embrace,
I clasp while joy illumes my face.
When o'er thy strings I draw my bow
My drooping spirit pants to rise;
A livey strain I touch—and lo!
I seem to mount above the skies.
There on fancy's wing I soar,
Heedless of the duns at door;
Oblivious all! I feel my woes no more;
But skip o'er the strings,
As my old fiddle sings,
"Cheerily, oh! merrily go!
"Presto! good master.
"You very well know
"I will find music,
"If you will find bow,
"From E, up in alto to G, down below."
Fatigued, I pause to change the time
For some *adagio* solemn and sublime.
With graceful action moves the sinuous arm;
My heart responsive to the soothing charm,
Throbs equally; whilst every health corroding care
Lies prostrate, vanquished by the soft mellifluous air,
More and more plaintive grown, my eyes wi' tears o'erflow,
And resignation mild soon smooths my wrinkled brow.
Reedy Hautboy may squeak, wailing Flauto may squall,
The Serpent may grunt, and the Trombone may bawl,
But, by Poll * my old Fiddle is prince of them all.
Could e'en Dryden return, thy praise to rehearse,
His ode to Cecelli would seem rugged verse,
Now to thy case in flannel warm to lie,
Till call'd again to pipe thy master's eye.

*Apollo.

From Rio Janeiro, we have a letter written by Professor Love, magician and ventriloquist, and which was brought here by the brig Rolling Wave, which arrived on the 20th inst. Here is a copy:—"Rio de Janeiro, South America, May 4, '61—FRIEND QUEEN:—I arrived here after a passage of one hundred days, including a stoppage at Cape Deverd, Island of St. Jago, where we were compelled to put in after a run of 42 days from Jacksonville, Fla., on account of losing our rudder, which it took five days to replace. I took advantage of this, and on going on shore, was encouraged by the citizens and Governor of the Island to give a performance, for which I received $400. Pretty good, that, Frank. I arrived at Rio Janeiro April 25th, and immediately made arrangements with Mr. John Cortennia, lessee of the finest theatre in Rio. It is called Theatre de St. Pedro. I receive at the rate of $400 per night, but we can only perform every other night. There are three theatres here, viz: St. Pedro (Theatre Gymnasio), Theatre de St. Januarius, and an opera house. The performers here are all Potuguese and Brazilian. I go from here to Buenos Ayres, thence to Monte Video, Cape of Good Hope, etc. An American circus is playing in Buenos Ayres at present. The Captain is waiting for this letter, so I must close. I will write to you again."

Theatrical and show news in England may be summed up in the annexed summary, which brings us down to date of June 8, 1861.....John Brougham's comedy of "Playing with Fire," which had a run at Wallack's during the last season, was produced in England for the first time on the 1st inst, at Manchester, and achieved a great triumph.....Blondin gave his second performance at Crystal Palace on the 6th inst., but the attendance was not so large by 4000 as that at his first performance on the 1st. He took his cooking stove along, and cooked an omelette, which, with some ale, he lowered "down below." His ascensions have already greatly surprised the Londoners, but they will be "killed dead" when he goes it on stilts, and carries a man on his back. Mrs. Blondin is with the rope-walker, and, we presume, looks out for the "spons." Admission to the show, 25 cents..... Mr. Bourcicault is out again about his copyrights, and the ingratitude of provincial managers. He especially refers to his drama of Jessie Brown, which has been used without his permission, etc. Whereupon a Wm. Seaman comes out, and claims Jessie Brown as his own, and that it was produced by him at the Brittanic Theatre in 1858.....The Overland Route was still being performed by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Matthews, at the Haymarket, London.....The Colleen Bawn has reached its 207th representation at the Adelphi.....J. Nicholls, alias Nicolo, advertises one of his apprentices, Wm. Cattle, who, it appears, had deserted his "bed and board." Whoever sees this stray [cattle will please inform Mr. Nicolo of the fact.....Mrs. Key Blunt, from America, gave a reading from the poets, at Willis' Rooms, London, on the 6th inst., to a large and fashionable audience, but the entertainment seems to have been of a wearisome character, and the audience was relieved when the reading was ended.....Yankee Bierce was playing at the New Theatre Royal, Birmingham.....Miss Julia Daly was at the Queen's, Edinburgh; subsequently the Pyne & Harrison Opera Troupe occupied the theatre.... George Vanderhoff had arrived out, and delivered a lecture at Liverpool on the 7th inst., on the present aspect of affairs in America.....Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean were at Nottingham.....Messrs. Fowler and Wells, phrenologists, from America, had been lecturing in Music Hall, Newcastle-on-Tyne, for a fortnight, with great success.....Captain Morton Price, alias Horton Phys, and his Catharine Lucette, had gathered an amateur company around them, and were giving entertainments in Richmond.....A new piece, entitled the "War in America," was being performed in Dundee, where also Tom Sayers and Howe & Cushing's Troupe had appeared.

The African Roscius, Ira Aldridge, after giving representations of Othello, Shylock, and Mungo in the handsome Theatre of Lemberg, the capital of Austrian Poland, terminated his engagements by appearing in the character of Macbeth. It is stated in the local journals that, at the close of the performance, Mr. Aldridge was called before the curtain not less than three times, amidst the most enthusiastic applause—numerous boquets, moreover, being thrown upon the stage. It may be worthy of mention, that, in consequence of the international aversion of the Polish and German population, the Polish inhabitants of Lemberg have for a long time kept aloof from the German Theatre, but that, on the occasion of Mr. Aldridge's performances, they paid him the exceptional compliment of attending. A young Polish sculptor, Mr. Godewski, who is employed in decorating the magnificent Invaliden Hof, of Lemberg—an edifice intended for decayed soldiers—was also desirous of doing honor to Mr. Aldridge, and has executed an admirable bust of the celebrated African which is destined for the great exhibition of next year. It appears that Mr. Aldridge has been urged to return to Lemberg, in order to appear in all the characters he is in the habit of representing. The following is an extract from an article in the *Lemberg Zeitung* of the 15th inst:—"Shylock, in the *Merchant of Venice*, was the second performance of our celebrated guest, who unfortunately does not give more than four representations. And how well did Ira Aldridge play his part! As was the case in *Othello*, he gave so thoughtful, so naturally true a delineation of the Jew, that the spectator irresistibly followed the actor step by step until the close, so distinct was the portraiture, so admirable were the details. Mr. Aldridge is incontestably an *artist* of the first order (*unstreitig ein Kunstler ersten ranges*) and the enthusiastic applause he received is only a just tribute to his rich dramatic genius. On the same evening he appeared as Mungo, in *The Padlock*, and widely different as were the two characters, he proved himself a consummate *artiste* in both, and afforded much delight to a crowded house."

The "Nigger business" seems to have become a popular institution in England since the Christy's Minstrels went there a few years ago. There appears to be no end to the bands now performing there, and most of them, rather mysteriously, hail from America. Christy's were still doing well at Her Majesty's Concert Room, London.....Pell's American Minstrels, after a sojourn in the provinces, had returned to London, and were announced to appear at Greenwich Lecture Hall, on the 24th inst.....Templeton's original, well-known, and *only* African Opera Troupe," opened in Plymouth on the 10th inst.....In this company we find the names of Harry Templeton, Will Arderson, Innes Egunton, L. Ludlow, C. Blamphin, H. Church, Joe Brown, La Feuillade, and W. Burton.....The "Savannah Minstrels" were at Surrey Gardens.....The "Female Christys," nine in number, and "dressed in Indian costume," were at Dublin. A *Madame* Christy seems to be the right hand man of the concern.....Mr. and Mrs. T. Nash, the "American Creole Minstrels," were at Portsmouth. Who are the Creoles?.....At the Tivoli Gardens, Margate, the manager had "made a most novel and attractive engagement with the celebrated Canadian Minstrels, whose extraordinary development of the Nigger character had gained them a world-wide popularity." Strange as it may appear, we have never before heard of these "world-wide popular Niggers."

.....Mr. and Mrs. St. John, a couple of the "Nigger element," were at Manchester.....Messrs. Levi and Brown, the "Albanian Minstrels," were at Stockport, and others of the persuasion were travelling around promiscuously.

A cornet player is wanted for Frank Rivers' Melodeon Troupe. See advertisement.

The Platte Valley Theatre, Denver City, Columbia Territory, will open about the 1st of July, under the direction of H. B. Murphy. Those desiring engagements can address as per advertisement, which see in this department.

Adah Isaacs Menken is this week performing in the Pittsburgh Theatre.

Dan Rice seems to be getting cornered. The following rather cutting article we copy from the New Orleans *True Delta* of May 26, a copy of which has reached us. Here is the document:—"A CHAMELEON CLOWN.—Dan Rice, who was famous here last winter for two things: his much talk in the ring about his intense Southernism and hatred of the Northerners, and his sardonic fun over his debts, is cutting up all sorts of black republican capers in the West. *There is a list in this city of Minute Men, signed by Dan and his company, to defend the South to the death!* In fact, so exceedingly patriotic was he that a meeting was held on his boat, at which he made a flaming secession speech to his men. It will be a long time before the renowned harlequin will make his appearance in this region, no doubt.

Miss Mary Provost, from the United States of America, California, and the Colonies of Australia, had arrived in London by the ship Star of Peace, from Sydney.

Died, at Congleton, Eng., May 31st, Mr. Robert Donnelley, in the fifty-third year of his age. He had been an active member of the theatrical profession for upwards of thirty years; was well known, and a favorite in the counties of Lancaster, Chester, York, &c. He was interred at St. Peter's Cemetery on Sunday, June 2d, when the major part of the company followed him to his grave, in conjunction with his sons and daughters.

Mr. Wm. Ashton, of the R. Sands' Circus company, met with a slight accident recently; while performing the Motley Brothers with his partner, Nat. Rogers, he slipped, and wrenched one of his knees. He has been brought around again, however. There was quite a "scare" in the company week before last, at a small town called Mount Vernon, Iowa, where the company were exhibiting. While the watchman, Mr. Brown, was going his usual rounds, at night, he heard screams in the direction of the side show, when he discovered that the leopard had a woman fast, having struck his claws in her dress, and held her there, the keeper having let the bottom slide of the door down to let in air. Mr. Brown speedily had the woman released. What bothers us, is, what the woman could be after about the side show, at night. The company were to show in Davenport, and Dewitt, Iowa; and Rock Island, Ill., and then make tracks for Iowa City about the 25th. Post, leader of the band, was sick.

At the Gayety Theatre, Albany, Mr. J. A. Leonard has been playing a drama, written by himself, called the "Zouaves' Revenge." The company now attached to this house comprise Messrs. J. A. Leonard, Fred. Hodges, Heaney, Crossen, Lay, Pike, Kane, Bunsby, Chesnut, Knight, Herne, Johnson, Halstead, Pemberton, Arnold, Gregory, Spackman; Miss Reynolds, Miss Henry, Miss Juliette, Mrs. Axtel, Mrs. Johnson.

The Pagoda, Baltimore, has suffered another collapse. It opened on the 8th, and shut pan on the 15th. It was conducted on the commonwealth plan. The company consisted of Fanny Lingard, Mrs. Bob Butler, Miss Mills and Clifton; Bob Butler, George Hill, Edwards, formerly of the Holliday Street, and a few amateurs. The company attached to the Holliday will open the Shebang in a few days. Mrs. I. B. Phillips, lately of the Richmond, Va., Theatre, is spoken of as being one of the company. Baltimore folks seem too busily engaged in war news to attend shows just now.

On the 15th, the Front Street Theatre, Baltimore, opened under the auspices of Mrs. C. Henri, and closed, under that lady's auspices, on the 18th. Cause—insufficiency of the "collat." to meet expenses.

The Melodeon, Baltimore, opens on Monday night, the 24th.

The Hooley & Campbell's Minstrels were at the Holliday, Baltimore, last week.

The Continental Opera House, Baltimore, still pursues the even tenor of its way. The principal attraction at this place is Mrs. C. Backus, the pleasing cantatrice and *danseuse*. Tom Frazer, also of the Continental, has become a favorite with the play goers of Baltimore; he is a fine tenor singer, and a gentleman of the old school.

A new musical production, in the form of a chant, is the latest musical novelty in Baltimore. It is the Declaration of Independence, arranged by Mr. John E. Wilson, of that city, and has been pronounced by musical critics a "big thing."

An actor by the name of Thompson, while performing at Concord, N. H., on the 17th inst., was taken with an apoplectic fit, much to the consternation of the audience.

Madigan's great show is still peregrinating through the State of New York. On Tuesday, 18th, they pitched canvas at that pious town called Greene. The ground was between two churches, and just as the citizens were about coming to the show the church bells commenced chiming for evening devotion—a meeting being called expressly to preach down the arrival in town of a wicked set of people known as showmen. The bells continued to peal forth in the loudest strain, but our young friend, Col. T. Allston Brown, Treasurer for the show, not to be outdone in that way, and believing that "music hath charms to sooth the savage breast," ordered out the band, and placing them between both temples of worship, rent the air with Dixie's Land and all the national airs. This brought together not only all the show people, but all those who felt a little inclined for spending a few hours in harmless amusement. The consequence was, the church bells almost instantly stopped ringing, the show was well filled, and, there not being a very crowded auditory at either church, they were obliged to dismiss, it being impossible to hear anything on account of the great excitement of applause and music kept up during the entire evening in the show. On the 19th they showed at Chenango Forks to a full canvas; 20th, at Binghamton; 21st, at Union; 22d, at Oswego; 24th, at Ithica. The company is doing a fair business, and has been doing so during its tour through the Mohawk Valley. Jule Kent, the clown, is becoming a favorite, and his Union songs are received with great applause. M'lle Camillo Le Rue, the dashing prima donna equestrienne from Howe and Cushing's London Circus, is now attached to this show, and has gained for herself a reputation as one of the most graceful and daring of equestriennes. The boys are all well, and send their kind regards to all, especially to those friends in New York, and more particularly Philadelphia, who gave the company just three weeks to stay out. They have remained out eight weeks, have done a paying business, which is all any company can expect these times, and will continue to spread until the 20th of October next.

From Milwaukee we have the following items in a letter from Squibob, dated June 21st:—The only place of amusement open here at present, is the Academy of Music—Hurd & Perkins, managers; B. R. Maginley, stage-manager; A. S. Penneyer, prompter; H. Pardy, leading gentleman; S. M. Irwin, juvenile; T. S. Holland, heavies; J. Huntly, old man; and Mesdames Perry, McWilliams, and Nash. Theatricals here are, and have been, for some time, only so, so; Collins closed a fair engagement on the 1st of the month. Then we had Mr. W. H. Riley for two weeks; not very good biz, although the Corsican Brothers was brought out with new scenery, fine effects, etc., yet it scarcely paid for itself.....Mr. Peter and Miss Caroline Richings commenced *their first* engagement in Milwaukee on the 17th, to a good house, and with the following bill:—"Daughter of the Regiment," and "Love in '76." These truly fine artistes bid fair to be fully appreciated here, for since their first night, the boxes have been filled with the beauty and fashion of this (the said to be,) third musical city in the Union. A little incident occurred on the eve of the 19th, not set down in the bill's. It appears that the vile slander that was concocted during an engagement at Richmond, last October, and published in one of the principal New York dailies, to the effect that Miss Caroline Richings sung a secession song, and trampled upon the glorious flag of our Union, has gained some ground, and had followed them here. In fact, Mr. Richings received a letter from one of our prominent merchants that this rumor was hurting him professionally, and that a gentleman of Chicago, on a visit here, had been heard to say that he would never visit the theatre where a lady was performing who had trampled on the flag. Mr. R. thereupon took occasion to appear before the curtain, and there and then to the full satisfaction of all present fully vindicated himself and her of the charge. He defied any man to prove that such was the case. Spoke with much feeling, and satisfied all that both her and himself were "True Blue." The audience fairly yelled their assent to his remarks, and the curtain was immediately rung up on Miss R., who sang her great song—"The Union Right or Wrong," as only a Union woman could sing it. There is no doubt but this slander was started by some personal enemy, yet I cannot think that any one of the profession could have done it, for as a general thing the Richings are loved and respected by all with whom they come in contact.....The Academy, I hear, remains open till the first week in July; and closes, so I am told, with Murdoch, who is an immense favorite here.

In the absence of our Pittsburgh correspondent, "Adelphi," a new correspondent, "Bundy," will give the items of news transpiring in that city. Here is his first epistle, dated June 20:—"FRANK QUEEN—I see by your last issue that your former correspondent from here, 'Adelphi,' has quit the pen, and taken up the sword. I will try and give you a little information of what is going on here. The theatre opened here on the 8th of June, under the management of Wm. Henderson, and with C. W. Couldock as the leading star; he has been playing his principal pieces, and is engaged for this week. The tableau of the 'Ellsworth Tragedy at Alexandria' has been put on in splendid style every night this week.

..... The only place of amusement now open besides the theatre is the Varieties. Ben Trimble had a benefit on Tuesday evening, 18th; he had a pretty fair house, and the following artists kindly volunteered and played: Mr. John H. Carle, the banjoist, and his two daughters, Misses Estella and Celestine.....The free concert saloons are going to be shut up. The Grand Jury have found a true bill against them, and they have been found guilty as a nuisance.

An entertainment, in aid of the funds for the Volunteer Refreshment Committee, of Philadelphia, will be given at the Academy of Music, in that city, on the evening of the 27th. This is an object that appeals at once to the patriotism of the people, and we much err if the house is not jammed on the occasion. This "refreshment committee fund" is to provide coffee, bread, hams, etc., etc., for the Volunteers passing through Philadelphia on their way to the seat of war, and was originally started by the poorer class of people residing in the lower part of the city. Night after night are they up, watching for the "coming men," and they always take good care to see that each and every soldier has his full of refreshments before leaving the Quaker City. On one occasion, a few weeks since, a regiment from Connecticut was looked for at the usual landing place for the military, foot of Washington street, on the Delaware. Everything was ready to entertain them—coffee smoking hot, sandwiches of the best quality, hams, beef, bread and butter, etc; but at the last moment word came that the regiment had landed at Walnut street wharf, (up town) and were marching to take passage by another route across the Schuylkill river. Here was a pretty mess—plenty of good victuals, and no one to eat it. A happy thought struck our down town friends—they gathered all the milk cans they could find, filled them with hot coffee, engaged several horses and wagons, and forthwith started in pursuit of the soldiers. By hard work, and fast driving, they crossed the river Schuylkill on Market street bridge, at a late hour of the night, and in a little while came across the soldiers at West Philadelphia. Each man of the Connecticut regiment was well supplied with coffee, and they freely acknowledged their thanks for the refreshing beverage. These people have on several occasions taken the coffee and bread, and meat, etc., prepared for their own breakfast, and given it to the soldiers when the latter came upon them unawares. Foremost in this good work are the patriotic women of the ever patriotic district of Old Southwark; they are working night and day, making collections, and preparing food for the tired soldiers. Had we the names of this gallant band we should feel happy in placing them upon the record. Within the last week or two a long wooden structure has been erected, and in this tables are set, with cloths, dishes, and all the necessaries for a soldier's comfort after the fatigues of a journey. The means of the people who have borne the burthen of the expense have been used up—for it must be known that private enterprise has done it all, the city nothing—and the entertainment on the 27th is to aid the "fund," and furnish the committee with the means to continue the good work of refreshing the defenders of the Union. Much disappointment was felt in Southwark when it was found that Billy Wilson's regiment had taken a sea route. For one week, night after night, were the people waiting to give Billy's regiment a grand reception. A number of extras had been prepared, and the committee meant to show that the "rough" name the newspapers had given this regiment had but the effect to create a feeling in their favor, and the people would have surfeited Billy and his gallant band with the good things of this life. Support this meritorious relief committee, by attending their entertainment on the 27th. If you do not wish to visit the Academy, buy some tickets, and keep them in remembrance of the cause. Tickets only 25 cents. It is a trifle in itself, but will count up big in the end.

Chicago is languishing, and news is scarce. Our correspondent, "T. L. F." gives us the annexed, under date of June 21st:—"You are probably as well aware of the fact as I am, that it is an utter impossibility for any one to write an interesting news letter when there is a perfect dearth of news to write about. Everything here remains in *statu quo*, and our people are longing for something new. Why don't some of our first class minstrel bands come this way? I think they would be well patronized. MacVicker is doing a fair business at his theatre though, for he seems to strive to do all in his power to please our theatre going people by placing on his boards the best talent that can be procured. Mr. Peter Richings and his daughter have just concluded a very successful engagement here. The Webb Sisters are now at Mac's; they are favorites here. .....Bob Gray's Union Concert Hall is doing a flourishing business here—the best, probably, that any saloon has ever done in Chicago. Tom Baker is the principal attraction; he has made a splendid hit with his original version of the "Happy Land of Canaan," a copy of which I send you.....Old Du Crow is still at Graup's; also, T. L. Fitch, Mlle. Clara, Mlle Sarah, Master Eddy Fox, the infant violinist, and others.....At the Jupiter Concert Saloon, Kirwin has Miss Whitman, Mr. George Harris, Dick McGowan, and Joe Williams."

G. W. De Haven's Union Circus is in Wisconsin, and will show at the following places:—Eagle, June 17th; Oconomowoc, 18th; Waterloo, 19th; Columbus, 20th; Beaver Dam, 21st; Fox Lake, 22d; Markesan, 24th; Cambric, 25th; Parduville, 26th; Kilbourn City, 27th; Baraboo, 28th; Rudesburg, 29th, Memston, July 1st; New Lisbon, 2d; Tunnel City, 3d; Sparta, 4th. They are showing at "25 cents to all parts of the house." "All box, and no pit."

On the 19th, at the Metropolitan Theatre, Buffalo, Mr. Neafie appeared as Brutus, in Julius Cæsar, supported by Chas. Pope as Cassius, Mr. Collins as Marc Antony, T. E. Mills as Julius Cæsar, Mrs. H. F. Nichols as Calphurnia, and Miss Virginia Howard as Porcia. The fairy extravaganza of the Naiad Queen is in rehearsal at this house in which Miss Jennie Hight is to appear.

J. W. Whiston, humorist and delineator of eccentric character, was performing last week in Bemis Hall, Canandaigua, in conjunction with La Rue's Panopticon.

C. Davies, of the Boston Museum, has opened a "Green Room," in that city, at No. 4 Province street, where the actors now most do congregate.

Gen. Tom Thumb and *suite* visit Bristol, R. I., June 24; Pawtucket, 25; Middleboro, 26; New Bedford, 27, 28, 29, 30; Fall River, Mass., July 1 and 2; and close the season in Taunton, Mass., July 4, giving performances every hour throughout the day.

Duprez & Green's New Orleans and Metropolitan Burlesque Opera Troupe perform at Howard Hall, Providence, on the 26th.

Frank Rivers, with his mammoth melodeon company, will open at the Academy of Music, Providence, R. I., on the 27th, and in New Bedford, July 4th. Prentis, Frank's advertising man, had returned home, in consequence of the serious illness of his wife.

On the 4th of July, Harry Leslie, of the Green street Concert Hall, Albany, will walk the rope at Amsterdam, N. Y., having been "induced" to give an "ascension" there by the citizens of that place.

The last performance under the management of Messrs. Wheatley & Clark at the Arch Street Theatre, took place on the 21st inst., the occasion being the benefit of those gentlemen. The theatre was well filled, and the performance seems to have given much satisfaction. On being called out, at the close of the performance, Mr. Wheatley said:—Ladies and gentlemen: "Welcome ever smiles, and Farewell goes out sighing." After eight long years of service in this theatre, it would be affectation in me to say that I leave it without feelings of sorrow; but those feelings are occasioned solely in being obliged to part with the many kind friends who for so long a period have nightly rewarded my efforts to please them. Good deeds past are forgotten as soon as performed; but I assure you that yours are written indelibly upon the tablets of my heart, to be effaced only when that heart shall cease to beat. How long it may be before I shall have the pleasure of appearing before you again, I know not; but this I know, Philadelphia is my home—the memories of the past, my hopes in the future, my sympathies and affections are all centred here, *and I will not give them up.* Let but these clouds which now lower upon our unhappy country be dispelled, (as soon, I trust, they will be,) and I promise my friends a theatre in Chestnut street, costly and elegant in *all* its arrangements, a true temple of the drama worthy of the city and of you. Ladies and Gentlemen:—Mr. Clarke requested that I would say a few words of thanks for him, and, indeed, he cannot but be gratified, as I am, to see so brilliant an assemblage as this of to-night. In times like the present, when every day, every hour, every moment, is filled with such portentous events to our beloved country, all your thoughts, feelings and sympathies are with her; and so they should be. These are no times for amusements; therefore, I know Mr. Clarke appreciates, as I do, the very high compliment conferred by your presence here on this occasion. I am not aware what he proposes for his future, but I am sure, wherever he may go, success will attend him, for he stands unequalled in his profession, both here and abroad. And now, Ladies and Gentlemen, again thanking you for the uniform kindness I have ever received from you, allow me to bid you, most respectfully, farewell!

The following is our budget of California news, received just before going to press:—"Marysville, May 25th, 1861.—FRANK QUEEN—I suppose you have concluded that I am defunct, as I have not kept you posted for some time back; but such is not the case, I have been very busy; but I will now let you know all that is going on in the world dramatic on the Pacific.

At the Opera House, Miss Edith Mitchell, known to you as Mrs. W. M. Ward, a very good melodramatic actress, struggled through a short and very unprofitable engagement; at its close, the spectacle of the "Count of Monte Christo" was produced, and drew three fine houses, after which it fell dead. The "Seven Sisters" is underlined.

The New Metropolitan Theatre is fast approaching completion, and it is said will be opened on the coming 4th of July, but with what or whom I am not certain.

The American Theatre is to be opened by Thos. Ward, with Edith Mitchell as the star, provided they can find a company to support her—the prices to be reduced to the New York standard.

James Stark and a company were announced to appear at the Metropolitan, in Sacramento, last evening, but from some unexplained reason, they did not arrive in town.

The Martinetti Troupe, under the management of C. V. Hand, have for some weeks been travelling in the Mountains, giving their entertainments under canvass, with success. At last accounts they were snowed in at Downieville.

The Metropolitan Minstrels are in Yreka.

The United States Circus has been doing an immense business, and is at present in the Valleys.

Report says, that Mr. Harry Courtain is about to marry a beautiful and talented young lady, at present attached to Gilbert's Melodeon; that is, if he can remain sober long enough to obtain a decree of divorce from his runaway wife. And now that I have told you all I know of others, I suppose it would be no more than right that I should let you know what I am at up here. Well, I have a company travelling, with Mrs. Julia Dean Hayne as the star. The company as now organized consists of Mrs. Saunders, formerly Mrs. Thoman; Mrs. Claughly, Miss Alicia Mandeville; Messrs. Frank Mayo, Pierpont Thayer, H. D. Thompson, Geo. Mitchell, E. N. Thayer, C. L. Graves, F. Woodhull, and your humble servant as manager. Since my last letter to you, we have visited thirty-three towns, and performed sixty seven nights in all; and, in all cases where the weather has not been bad, we have played to fine business. From here we go to Timbuctoo, Oroville, and La Port, and from there to Tehama, Shasta, Yreka, and through Oregon. So good bye till I find time to write again.

Yours truly, SHERRY CORBYN.

WAR! WAR!! WAR!!!—While war is unfortunately in progress between the loyal and disloyal citizens of our country, it is satisfactory to know that a war of a more peaceful kind is going on, the hero of which is Dr. Gouraud. The ladies in particular are so delighted with his cosmetic preparations, such as his Oriental Cream for making the skin fair to look upon, giving it an alabaster appearance; also, his Liquid Rouge for imparting a rose tint to the lips and cheeks, that they make descents upon his store by detachments, almost daily. In addition to these his Italian Medicated Soap, and Poudres Subtiles, for uprooting superfluous hair, have a high reputation. Try them. They may be procured of Dr. Gouraud, No. 67 Walker street, first store from Broadway; and of J. B. Bates, 129 Washington street, Boston.

BOOKS! BOOKS!! BOOKS!!!
SPORTING ARTICLES, CARDS AND PRINTS.

THE VOLUNTEER'S MOTHER.

The mother sat in her curtained room,
And felt the quick drum beat—
Thrill through her heart, like the call of doom,
From without in the noisy street.
She listened, then moaned, then closed her eyes,
As to shut out some vision dread
Of the field, with its living agonies,
And ghastly heaps of dead.

Then as her lids unclosed again,
She dimly gazed around,
While her breath came quick, with a gasp of pain,
And a smothered choking sound—
"O God! have mercy, it cannot be;
I will not let him go;
My boy, my all that is left to me,
Shall never perish so!

"And yet, O Liberty, Truth and Right!
O Tyranny, Wrong and Hate!
Ye have met in that last and dreadful fight,
Whose issue a world doth wait.
And I, with my cowardly, shrinking heart,
And womanish dread of blood,
Am holding him back from his rightful part,
In bringing this longed for good.

"Yet pity me God, in heaven above,
For I see a martyr's crown
Already awaiting the child of my love,
And I strive to tear it down.
And yet, what matters, if only the steel
Threatening our country's life,
May be turned aside; that mothers must feel
In their quivering hearts, the knife?"

A hasty step on the stair grew near,
The mother's face grew serene;
And she welcomed him with brow as clear
As if anguish ne'er had been.
"Darling," she said, "I can bless thee now,
With motherly, thankful pride;
For, my noble boy, I can bid thee go
To the conflict, from my side.

With her tender arms around him thrown,
And his head upon her breast;
And sweeter caresses than he had known
Since the days of his baby rest.
Her whispered words filled his inmost soul
With lofty, heroic faith;
Till out from their hearts, in strong control,
Passed all thoughts of life or death.

Thus only can woman find her place
In the ranks of the conquering host;
By yielding her loved ones with quiet grace,
And the smile that inspires them most.
Crushing for them her woman's fear,
Stifling her woman's sigh;
Making them feel, with her words of cheer,
'Tis glorious for truth to die.

THE OLD WRECKER,

AND

THE MURDER ON THE CLIFF.

A TALE.

"Methought the billow spoke, and told me of it;
The winds sing it to me; and the thunder,
That deep and dreadful organ pipe, pronounced
The name ——." —SHAKESPEARE.

RETURNING from the Mediterrancan a few years since, about the time of the autumnal equinox, we had reached the entrance of the British Channel where our vessel was compelled to beat about for some days, in consequence of thick fogs preventing our making the land or ascertaining our position with that degree of exactitude which is necessary in approaching a dangerous coast. At last a brisk breeze sprang up, clearing the atmosphere in its progress, when we were surprised to discover a dangerous shore on our lee bow, at not more than the distance of half a mile; immediately our captain ordered the ship about, as night was approaching with every appearance of a storm; and it afterwards became necessary to exercise the greatest care and vigilance to insure the safety of the lives and property on board. To our tars this was all a matter-of-course business; and they regarded with that *naivete* of feeling so peculiarly their own, a scene which, to a landsman like myself, was truly alarming.

To sleep appeared impossible, under such circumstances; I therefore determined on sitting up during the night, and our chief mate, a Cornishman, being an old sailor, full of direful tales, which were but too forthcoming on such occasions, as if to render horror still more horrible, I was compelled to listen during his watch below to many a recount of hair-breadth escapes, and storms and shipwrecks, which would have been much more entertaining under any other circumstances. One of his tales so much interested my feelings that I afterwards committed it to paper—it was as follows:—

Towards the close of the sixteenth century, a horrid custom still prevailed among the scarcely-civilized inhabitants of some parts of the coast of Cornwall, of luring vessels to destruction in stormy weather, by fastening a lantern to a horse's head, and leading it about on the cliffs, that the bewildered mariner mistaking it for the light of a vessel (the motion of the horse's head giving it that appearance,) and consequently not apprehending that land could be in that direction, might be induced to shape his course thither in false security, till the foaming breakers and astounding shock gave too late warning of his fate. The wrecked vessel then soon became the prey of a set of ruthless barbarians called wreckers, who, to legalize (as they considered) their plunder, frequently murdered those who had escaped drowning, and blasphemously called the wreck a "God-send."

In a hovel on the craggy shore of a deep and dangerous bay there dwelt one of these wretches—an old and hardened desperado, who united in himself the fisherman, the smuggler, and the wrecker; exercising each as circumstances might require. To his depraved mind, however, the two latter were the favorite professions; and such was the confidence exercised by his companions in his experience and dexterity on these occasions, that the part of leader was usually allotted to him, nor did he ever fail to execute his office to their most perfect satisfaction. His wife, too, as deeply sunken in depravity as himself, encouraged him in his deeds of iniquity, by sometimes aiding in his exploits, and secreting and disposing of the plunder and contraband goods. Their only son had long since fled his home. Shocked at the wickedness of his parents, he had sought a more honorable, though humble, course of life on board a West India trader.

It was at a period when a long, and to him profitless, summer and autumn had nearly passed away, that Terloggan, like the vulture, ever watchful for his prey, was more than usually observant of the signs of the heavens; nor was any one more capable than himself of tracing the most distant indications of tempest. Nature had for several months worn a placid, and, to honest minds, a delightful aspect; the soft and azure sky had beautifully tinted the transparent sea, and the expanding waves swept with low murmuring along the shining sands of the bay in mild and stately majesty, playfully casting up their white foam, and gently splashing the feet of the craggy rocks. Not more hateful were the beams of the orb of day to Satan, as described by our poet, than was this quiescent state of Nature to Terloggan's dark mind. In his impatience, he impiously cursed the protracted summer, and hailed the approaching dreary season as more congenial to his desires and to his interests. At length it arrived; and he saw, with savage delight, the sun sink in angry red beneath the cloudy horizon; he heard with exulting feelings the hollow murmur of the rising wind; he beheld the blackening waves rising in angry roar, tossing the yellow sands before their heavy surge, and lashing the lofty rocks with the ascending spray. As the night advanced in chaotic darkness, the horrors of the tempest increased, and the long and loud blast of the contending elements seemed enough to overawe any mind but Terloggan's. "Now's the time, boy," said the hag, his wife; "go th' ways out 'pon the cleaves—there's death in the wind." Terloggan speedily equipped himself, and ascended the steep promontory at the entrance of the bay; the lantern was displayed in the usual manner, and he soon saw a light at sea as if in answer to his own signal, which caused the old demon to rejoice in anticipation of a speedy success. It evidently approached nearer and nearer, and ere an hour had elapsed, the whole white close-reefed sails could be discerned through the darkness, and the uproarirous cry on board on the discovery of their danger could be distinctly heard. Signal guns of distress were fired—the loud commands of "All hands on deck," and "about ship," were uttered in a wild despairing tone; and every exertion seemed to be quickly making to carry into effect the salutary orders; but, alas! the redeeming moment was passed, the vessel was completely embayed; nor strength nor skill could avert her impending fate. In a few moments the tremendous crash, the heart-rending but fruitless cries for help, announced the horrid catastrophe, and the last flashing signal gun gave a momentary view too shocking to be described. Oh! it was indeed a piteous scene that followed—the stranded vessel, thrown with reiterated blows against the rugged rocks, soon parted; the broken waves were dashing over her shattered keel in relentless fury, bearing to the shore the scattered cargo, broken pieces of the wreck, and the tattered rigging. There were heard, too, the mingled cries of the drowning and the despairing, amidst the terrific roar of the striving elements—so awful—so appalling—it seemed like nature's last expiring hour. But there was one in whose eyes such a scene was joyous, in whose ears such sounds were melody, and that was Terloggan. He impatiently waited till the storm had somewhat moderated, and the silence indicated that death had done its work: he then descended the well-known cliffs in order to grasp his prey; unmoved by the horrid spectacle, he stood awhile and gazed with fiend-like pleasure on the rich booty that lay around him (for the rising moon now shone forth her light,) as if at a loss where to begin his work; but, to his surprise and momentary dismay, there was yet one living soul on board, who, should he survive, would bar the wrecker's claim. To dispatch this poor unfortunate was his immediate object; so, scrambling over the rocks as it to save the beseeching man from the destruction that awaited him, he quickly becomes the murderer of him whom he had hailed as a deliverer. He rifled the pockets of his victim, and took a ring from his finger, he then loaded himself with the most portable articles of plunder, and bent his footsteps homeward. "Well, fayther, what luck?" exclaims the old woman as he entered. "Never better!" replied Terloggan. "Look, zee, mauther!" pointing to his plunder. He then described the success that had attended his stratagem; not even withholding the particulars of the murder; after which he displayed some pieces of foreign gold coin and the ring belonging to the murdered man. As he held the ring near the light, he recognized its form, and certain marks on it; he started back; his countenance fell; and he quickly passed the ring to his wife. She too well knew from whose hand it had been taken, and no sooner examined it than she exclaimed, "Plaise G—d, thee'st murdered our zun Tom? Oh, my zun—my poor dear zun." Sinking on the floor, she rolled about in frantic ravings. Terloggan endeavored to master his feelings, and chid the old woman's hasty conclusion; although he was himself secretly stung to the heart, and but too apprehensive of the fearful deed he had committed. However, he laid himself on the bed, and tossed to and fro till morning, when, with the day's dawn, he walked forth to ascertain if he had really been the destroyer of his child. He reached the spot where he had left the body, and as soon as his eyes lighted on the countenance, he beheld that it was indeed his only son. Who can describe the deep remorse that now stung his soul? Who can paint the horror that now pervaded even Terloggan's hitherto callous heart? He returned to his hovel, and, having related the doleful news, then fled the face of man forever. For several days and nights he was known to wander among the rocks, and along the brink of the precipice that overhung the bay; those who accidentally passed near him shuddered to behold his horror-struck countenance, and to hear his wild ravings of despair, or mournful incoherent mutterings—for there was a tempest in his soul, black and horrible, the transcript of what he had so lately witnessed. There was grief for the death of his son, although by his cruelty he had once driven him from his home; there was the sharp pang of remorse, for the murderous deed which had deprived him of life; there was an awakened conscience recounting to his mind the long black catalogue of his iniquitous course of life; there was also in prospect the vengeance of the law, if discovered; while the dreadful forebodings of his conscience as to futurity forbade him to call the grave a hiding place. Thus despair overwhelmed his mind, and doubtless hurried him to self-destruction; for, about a fortnight after, his mangled body was found dashed to pieces among the rocks, and was buried in the sands, not far from the spot where he had perpetrated his last deed of blood—and, for a considerable period, the fishermen and smugglers (some of whom had been his companions in iniquity) felt a chill of horror in passing near the spot, and held a melancholy silence, while their superstitious fears would often trace in the hollow murmurings of the winds and waves the doleful cries of the murdered son, and the despairing groans of the remorse-stung father.

THE KING OF DAHOMEY'S AMAZON GUARD.—Attached to the King of Dahomey's army there is a troop called "The Amazon Guard." *The West African Herald* thus describes them: "'The Amazon Guard,' as they have sometimes been styled, are the most extraordinary troops that we have ever heard or read of. They are 3000 in number, all females, and display such a degree of ferocious bloodthirstiness and hardihood as to bear a greater resemblance to a host of mad tigresses than to human creatures. They utterly despise death; they show no mercy to any living being in war; they are mad after blood, and seem not to know what fear means. They are, in fact, a troop of devils, so to speak, whose hideous wildness of manner, and the savage madness of whose demeanor in times of excitement are so appalling and inhuman as to have led many well-judging persons to opine that these dreadful creatures are periodically subjected to the influence of some species of drug which has this effect. The dress of the Amazons consists of a pair of loose trowsers, an upper garment covering the breast, and a cap. They are armed with a gun, knives, and daggers; some have blunderbusses, others long elephant guns, while the remainder carry the ordinary musket. In their military exercises they display good discipline, as well as wonderful dexterity and agility.

MAKING THEM SQUAT.—A widow woman's only son went to Mexico, fought well and returned. His mother was pious, and after he had answered her inquiries as to his health, etc, said she: "Now tell me Henry, you didn't p'int your gun at any of them, and commit murder, right agin the Bible, did you? It would be so wicked!" Said he: "I don't know as I killed any one, but I made eight or ten of them squat mighty sudden!"

NOT BIG ENOUGH FOR SAUSAGES.—A lad was recently seen in California trying to persuade a diminutive dog, tied to a string, to follow him up Clay street. Canine objected, whereupon small boy thus soliloquized:—'Oh, you needn't be afeared. I ain't going to make dry hash of you, and you're too small to cut up into sausages anyhow!"

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

William Shaw was an upholsterer at Edinburgh, in the year 1791. He had a daughter, Catherine Shaw, who lived with him. She encouraged the addresses of John Lawson, a jeweller, to whom William Shaw declared the most insuperable objections, alleging him to be a profligate young man, addicted to every kind of dissipation. He was forbidden the house; but the daughter continuing to see him clandestinely, the father, on the discovery, kept her strictly confined.

William Shaw had, for some time, pressed his daughter to receive the addresses of a son of Alexander Robertson, a friend and neighbor; and one evening, being very urgent with her thereon, she peremptorily refused, declaring she preferred death to being young Robertson's wife. The father grew enraged, and the daughter more positive; so that the most passionate expressions arose on both sides, and the words, "*barbarity, cruelty,* and *death,*" were frequently pronounced by the daughter! At length he left her, locking the door after him.

The greatest part of the buildings at Edinburgh, are formed on the plan of the chambers in our inns of court; so that many families inhabit rooms on the same floor, having all one common staircase. William Shaw dwelt in one of these, and a single partition only divided his apartment from that of James Morrison, a watch-case maker. This man had indistinctly overhead the conversation and quarrel between Catherine Shaw and her father, but was particularly struck with the repetition of the above words, she having pronounced them loudly and emphatically! For some little time after the father was gone out, all was silent, but presently Morrison heard several groans from the daughter. Alarmed! he ran to some of his neighbors under the same roof. These, entering Morrison's room, and listening attentively, not only heard the groans, but distinctly heard Catherine Shaw, two or three times, faintly exclaim—"Cruel father, thou art the cause of my *death!*" Struck with this, they flew to the door of Shaw's apartment; they knocked—no answer was given. The knocking was still repeated—still no answer. Suspicions had before arisen against the father; they were now confirmed; a constable was procured, an entrance forced; Catherine was found weltering in her blood, and the fatal knife by her side! She was alive but speechless; but, on questioning her as to owing her death to her father, was just able to make a motion with her head, apparently in the affirmative, and expired.

Just at this critical moment, William Shaw returns and enters the room. All eyes are on him! He sees his neighbors and a constable in his apartment, and seems much disordered thereat; but, at the sight of his daughter he turns pale, trembles, and is ready to sink. The first surprise, and the succeeding horror, leave little doubt of his guilt in the breasts of his beholders; and even that little is done away, on the constable discovering that the shirt of William Shaw is bloody.

He was instantly hurried before a magistrate, and, upon the depositions of all parties, committed to prison on suspicion. He was shortly after brought to trial, when, in his defence, he acknowledged the having confined his daughter to prevent her intercourse with Lawson; that he had frequently insisted on her marrying of Robertson; and that he had quarrelled with her on the subject the evening she was found murdered, as the witness Morrison had deposed: but he averred, that he left his daughter unarmed and untouched; and that the blood found upon his shirt, was there in consequence of his having bled himself some days before, and the bandage becoming untied. These assertions did not weigh a feather with the jury, when opposed to the strong circumstantial evidence of the daughter's expressions, of "barbarity, cruelty, death," and of "cruel father, thou art the cause of my death"—together with that apparently affirmative motion with her head, and of the blood so seemingly providentially discovered on the father's shirt. On these several concurring circumstances, was William Shaw found guilty, was executed, and was hanged in chains, at Leith Walk, in November, 1721.

Was there a person in Edinburgh who believed the father guiltless? No, not one! notwithstanding his latest words at the gallows were, "I am innocent of my daughter's murder." But in August, 1722, as a man, who had become possessor of the late William Shaw's apartment, was rummaging by chance in the chamber where Catherine Shaw died, he accidentally perceived a paper fallen into a cavity on one side of the chimney. It was folded as a letter, which on opening, contained the following:—"Barbarous father, your cruelty in having put it out of my power ever to join my fate to that of the only man I could love, and tyrannically insisting upon my marrying one whom I always hated, has made me form a resolution to put an end to an existence which is become a burden to me. I doubt not I shall find mercy in another world; for sure no benevolent being can require that I should any longer live in torment to myself in this! My death I lay to your charge: when you read this, consider yourself as the inhuman wretch that plunged the murderous knife into the bosom of the unhappy—CATHERINE SHAW."

This letter being shown, the handwriting was recognized to be Catherine Shaw's, by many of her relations and friends. It became the public talk; and the magistracy of Edinburgh, on a scrutiny, being convinced of its authenticity, they ordered the body of William Shaw to be taken from the gibbet, and given to his family for interment; and, as the only reparation to his memory, and the honor of his surviving relations, they caused a pair of colors to be waved over his grave, in token of his innocence.

AN EXTRAORDINARY DINNER PARTY.

The following most extraordinary event happened in Lincolnshire, in the autumn of 1804, and may be relied on as a matter of fact. The violence of a fall deprived Sir Henry F. of his faculties, and he lay entranced several hours. At length his recollection returned. He faintly exclaimed, "Where am I?" and looking up, found himself in the arms of a venerable old man, to whose kind offices Sir H. was probably indebted for his life. "You revive," said the venerable old man; "fear not; yonder house is mine; I will support you to it; there you shall be comforted." Sir. H. expressed his gratitude. They walked gently to the house. The friendly assistance of the old gentleman and his servants restored Sir H. to his reason; his bewildered faculties were reorganized; at length he suffered no inconvenience, excepting that occasioned by the bruise he received in the fall. Dinner was announced, and the good old man entreated Sir H. to join the party; he accepted the invitation, and was shown into a large hall, where he found sixteen covers. The party consisted of as many persons—no ladies were present. The old man took the head of the table; an excellent dinner was served, and rational conversation gave a zest to the repast. The gentleman on the left of Sir H. asked him to drink a glass of wine, when the old man, in a dignified and authoritative tone at the same time extending his hand, said "No!" Sir H. was astonished at the singularity of the check, yet, unwilling to offend, remained silent. The instant dinner was over, the old man left the room, when one of the company addressed him in the following words: "By what misfortune, sir, have you been unhappily trepanned by that unfeeling man who has quitted the room? O sir, you will have ample cause to curse the fatal hour that put you in his power, for you have no prospect, in this world, but misery and oppression, perpetually subject to the capricious humor of that old man; you will remain in this mansion for the remainder of your days; your life, as mine is, will become burdensome; and, driven to despair, your days will glide on, with regret and melancholy reflection, in one cold and miserable sameness. This, alas! has been my lot for fifteen years; and not mine only, but the lot of every one you see here, since their arrival in this cursed abode!" The pathetic manner that accompanied this cheerless narrative, and the singular behaviour of the old man at dinner, awoke in Sir H.'s breast sentiments of horror, and he was lost in stupor some minutes; when recovering he said, "By what authority can any man detain me against my will? I will not submit; I will oppose him, force to force, if necessary." "Ah, sir!" exclaimed a second gentleman, "your argument is just, but your threats are vain; the old man, sir, is a magician; we know it by fatal experience; do not be rash, sir; your attempt would prove futile, and your punishment would be dreadful." "I will endeavor to escape," said Sir H. "Your hopes are groundless," rejoined a third gentleman; "for it was but three months ago, when, in an attempt to escape, I broke my leg." Another said, that he had broken his arm, and that many had been killed by falls, in their endeavors to escape; others had suddenly disappeared, and never been heard of. Sir H. was about to reply, when a servant entered the room, and said his master wished to see him. "Do not go," said one; "Take my advice," said another; "For God's sake, do not go." The servant told Sir H. he had nothing to fear, and begged he would follow him to his master; he did, and found the old man seated at a table with dessert and wine; he arose when Sir H. entered the room, and asked pardon for the apparent rudeness he was under the necessity of committing at dinner. "For, (said he) I am doctor Willis; you must have heard of me. I confine my practice entirely to cases of insanity; and as I board and lodge insane patients, mine is vulgarly called a mad-house. The persons you dined with are madmen; I was unwilling to tell you this before dinner, fearing it would make you uneasy; for, although I know them to be perfectly harmless, you very naturally might have had apprehensions." The surprise of Sir H. on hearing this was great; his fears subsiding, the doctor and Sir H. passed the evening rationally and agreeably.

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